

THE

T E M P E S T.



THE  
TEMPEST,  
A  
RELIGIOUS and MORAL  
ESSAY.

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BY ROBERT NOYES. *H*  
Author of DISTRESS, a Poem; MISCEL-  
LANIES, &c.

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Th' ALMIGHTY  
Rides on the WHIRLWIND, and directs the STORM.  
ADDISON.

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M.DCC.XCI.



TO HIS KIND AND FRIENDLY  
SUBSCRIBERS,  
THE AUTHOR DEDICATES  
THE FOLLOWING  
HUMBLE ESSAY,  
WITH  
GRATEFUL  
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT  
OF  
THEIR FAVORS;  
HOPING  
THEY WILL NEVER BE EXPOS'D  
TO SUCH  
TEMPESTS, IN THE  
NATURAL WORLD, AS ARE  
THEREIN DELINEATED;  
NOR  
TO ANY OF THOSE PERNICIOUS  
STORMS,  
WHICH ARE OFTEN FELT  
IN SOCIAL LIFE:  
UNDER THE PLEASURE OF  
THIS

THIS HOPE,  
I BEG LEAVE TO  
SUBSBRIBE MYSELF,  
WITH SINCERE RESPECT,  
THEIR MOST OBEDIENT  
AND OBLIGED SERVANT,  
ROBERT NOYES.



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P R E F A C E.

THE following humble attempt was occasioned by the uncommonly tempestuous weather of the last winter, and the design of it is to impress the human mind with a religious Veneration of that omnipotent BEING, who is said (in the sublime language of Scripture) "to ride on the wings of the wind,—" "to make thick darkness his pavilion; and to have his way in the whirlwind and in the storm."

Scarcely any phenomena, in this elementary system, excite such fearful apprehensions in the heart of man, as the vivid Lightning, the rolling Thunder, the impetuous Hail and irresistible Wind; when these awful messengers are sent abroad by the Sovereign of the Universe, even the

stout-hearted look aghast and stand appalled.—It is recorded of the impious NERO, that in a storm of Lightning and Thunder he would seek for safety under his bed; and so great was the alarming terror of his conscience, at such seasons, that even “the sound of a driven leaf would chase him.”

To delineate the tremendous convulsions in the material world, is beyond my power, and I confess myself unequal to the task. *The consciousness of my inability* for so arduous a work, will I trust, secure me the *candour* of an indulgent Reader, though it may not be allowed as a proper *excuse* for the boldness of the undertaking.

The man who sends his writings abroad from the press, without the sanction of a Right Honourable, or Honourable Name, to patronise his work and cast a veil over

its defects, is in some measure like one, who ventures to sea in a feeble bark without a rudder or pilot, in danger from every gust, and exposed to hourly perils from rocks and latent quicksands. Yet, notwithstanding the hazards of the enterprise, I launch into the wide literary sea, where critics (like sharks) are watching for their prey, hoping that through the serene guardianship of many worthy friends, my little vessel will return safely into port.

To their protection (dropping metaphors) I commit the ensuing Essay, and request their acceptance of my sincere thanks for every mark of favor, formerly received by their

Much obliged

and respectful Servant,

ROBERT NOYES.

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THE

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T H E

# T E M P E S T, &c.

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THE scenes attendant on human life, may justly be compared to the wind in this climate, which suddenly shifts from one point to another; or they may be likened to the spacious ocean, which "never continues in one stay"—the days of *prosperity* are aptly represented by calms and summer-serenity; those of *adversity* by storms and winter hurricanes.

THE vicissitudes in the material world, are not more numerous than those which accompany the rational race, and are apparently without discrimination of character, as the "sun shines on the evil and the good," and the tempest beats on "the just and the unjust."

B

THE

## 2 THE TEMPEST.

THE intention of the author, in this unpolished Essay, is not to investigate the origin of winds, as to their *natural causes*, (they being said to "blow where they list") but to trace the desolating effects of raging storms, overwhelming waters, and "ocean into tempest wrought"—Mr. Addison hath given an awfully grand description of the fatal consequences of contending elements, in foreign climes; his words are most picturesque, and fill the mind with terror while they are read—

"So where our vast *Numidian* wilds extend,  
"Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,  
"Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
"Tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away :  
"The helpless *Traveller*, with wild surprise,  
"Sees the dry desert all around him rise,  
"And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind—dies." }

CATO.

IN the space of the last four months, the inhabitants of this Island have been alarmed by unusual tempests, attended with such Lightning and Thunder, as might awaken the

the most obdurate sinner, to a religious fear of that Almighty Being, who can shake the universe (if he please) with the breath of his mouth; and ought to incite the most abandoned mind, to a serious reflection on that tremendous day, "when the elements shall melt with fervent heat"—when "the visible heavens shall pass away with a great noise," and the L O R D J E S U S (the Saviour and Judge of men) shall be revealed to the astonished world in "flaming fire," and this sublunary globe, with the material works that are therein, "shall be burnt up."

HERE let us pause — Ye volatile and gay; ye profligate and prodigal; ye children of this world, who make Pleasure your Idol, or Gold your God; ye giddy and fantastic tribe of mortals, unused to meditate, averse to sober thoughts, say, if ye tremble when the forked Lightnings blaze; if ye shudder at the Thunder's roar; say, how will ye be able to bear the fiery indignation of the L O R D, or abide the sound

## 4 THE TEMPEST.

of the Angel's voice, who at the latter day shall "stand upon the sea and upon the earth; shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by him who liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no more\*?" If *Fear* stimulates you to retire to some secret corner, as a "covert from the storm" of an hour; let *Faith* engage you to seek succour from the tempest of wrath *hereafter*, by flying now for refuge to the all-sufficient **R E D E E M E R**, who is,

"From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

*Pope's Messiah.*

IN the natural world, when the boisterous winds have exhausted their strength and spent their fury, a quiet calm succeeds; when "the storm is rock'd to rest," *Serenity* displays her placid countenance; not a leaf, but that of the tremulous aspen, is in motion; the sea is unruffled as the celestial canopy; the lark, lately terrified and silent,

"Mounts

\* Rev. x. 5. 6.

THE TEMPEST. 5

“ Mounts from his nest, and as he mounts he sings;” all nature seems alert and cheerful; the lambkins sport in pleasing frolics; the voilets breathe their sweets, and philomel makes the groves vocal with her evening song.

So is it in the human and moral life. Days and nights of affliction and sorrow pass away like the wind, and seasons of gladness and joy ensue — “ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning \*” — the dark scenes of adversity give place to the brighter ones of prosperity — the lines of an admirable poet emphatically express this truth, when he remarks,

“ Our lives discolour’d with our present woes,  
“ May still grow bright and smile with happier hours.”

ADDISON.

IN the moral state, the clouds and dark-  
nefs

\* Psal. xxx. 5.

6 THE TEMPEST.

ness of *despondency* sometimes overshadow the soul, yet these may unexpectedly be dispelled, and *hope* shine upon the mind with a serene and heavenly radiance. *Guilt* may disturb the conscience, as storms work the sea into tumult, and this troubled state may be soon followed by the peaceful internal calm, which is produced by pardon from on high — the mind, lately agitated by sudden gusts of inward terror, and the “fearful looking for of judgment\*;” may, by the gentle voice of the pacific *Mediator*, be commanded into stillness, and the once troubled soul become

“Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,

“When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.”

ADDISON.

THEN let not the tempest of adversity dismay, nor the refreshing breeze of prosperity elate, for they are both changeable as the wind, but rather cultivate a fixed reliance

\* Heb. x. 27.

## THE TEMPEST.

7

liance on the glorious JEROVAN, " with whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning \*."

To the grateful Calm, when all around is " hush'd as the foot of night," rapidly succeeds the roaring storm, which rushes through the atmosphere with a mighty sound and irresistible violence; then rock the battlements; the lofty spires shake and fall; " the rocks are thrown down by it;" the tall and spreading oaks, the pride of ages, are leveled with the ground; " the cloud-capt towers" are rent asunder; when the raging tempest kindles into ethereal flame, what devastation and ruin doth it create! The highest mountains seem struck with terror †, and tremble to their foundations — " the gorgous palaces and solemn temples" blaze; the affrighted spectator shrinks within himself; and, to borrow the language of

an

\* Jam. i. 17.

† *Furunt summos falmina montes* — HORACE.

8 THE TEMPEST.

an elegant Author,

“ Doors crack and windows clap, and night’s foul bird  
“ Rock’d in the spire, screams loud ”—

*The Grave.*

FROM the desolations occasioned on land, by the violence of raging winds, let us turn our eyes to the troubled sea! Reader, suppose thyself on some promontary, or at the summit of a lofty cliff! Look down on the expanded ocean, agitated by storms, when the waves thereof lift up themselves like mountains; when the billows foam and dash against the rocks with a tremendous noise; how solemn the scene! how august, how powerful that supreme Being, who by a word of his mouth can command the tumult into smoothness and silence, and with effective authority can say to the impetuous sea, “ Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be staid.”

VIEW yonder weather-beaten ships, alternately

ternately mounting to the clouds and sinking to the deeps; their towering masts swept away by the fury of the winds; their rudders lost by the irresistible force of the waters, and exposed to a merciless sea, which every moment is threatening to swallow them up; see them driven fast toward shore, where their destruction will be almost inevitable; now see them embay'd without hope of safety, forced violently on the pointed rocks, and in an instant broken into pieces; the distressed mariners embrace a feeble security on broken planks, 'till exhausted with fatigue, or dashed against the cliff, they sink into a watery grave.

“ **T**H EY who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters,” have been witnesses to such ruinous catastrophes; they see the terrible works of the **L**ORD, and his awful “ wonders in the deep.”

WHEN *Night* spreads her canopy of sack-cloth over the heavens, and puts out every

C star,

star, Darkness increases the danger of the dreadful storm; the affrighted seamen know their peril, but cannot avoid it, and with distracting agonies wait their speedy death.

HAPPY—thrice happy those among them, who in such a perilous moment of distress, can lay hold of the ROCK OF AGES for support; can with confidence and well grounded hope, fly to the GOD who “holdeth the waves in the hollow of his hand,” is a “hiding place from the wind, and a refuge from the storm.”

THE morning smiles with a serene countenance, and the sun rises in celestial splendor; the same storm which swelled the waters and covered the beach with remnants of wreck'd vessels and mangled bodies, hath now dissipated the clouds, and is itself lulled to sleep by the gentle voice of GOD. How astonishing the contrast! How pleasing the change from darkness to light, from roaring tempest to silent calmness!

SUCH

Such is oftentimes the way of Providence in human affairs; the same unsearchable Conduct which for a while obscures and disturbs the scenes of human life, at length brightens and softens them into tranquility.

THE villagers, restless amidst the terrors of the night, now quit their cottages and renew their daily toil; "the school-boy with his fatchel in his hand," treads lightly over the lawns; the shepherds unfold their fleecy charge; "the herald of the morn" tunes to the "jocund day," and the face of nature looks mild and placid.

TRANSIENT serenity! Fleeting pleasure! Yon scarlet cloud, apparently scarce broader than the warrier's shield, rapidly enlarges its dimensions, and becomes black as the Ethiopian's skin; as the cloud spreads and darkens, the wind rises and bids defiance to all opposition; the lightning vibrates and the thunder rolls in dreadful volleys; the cloud opens and pours out its stores of

rain and hail; in this awful and sudden visitation, "hear attentively the noise of the ALMIGHTY's voice, and the sound that goeth out of his mouth. He directeth it under the whole Heaven, and his Lightning unto the ends of the earth. He thundereth with the voice of his Excellency."

ELIHU.

Now the cottagers hasten to the neighbouring trees for shelter; they stand aghast beneath the spreading oak, whose branches attract the forked flames; the tree is splinter'd into atoms, and the helpless villagers meet their ruin, where they sought their shelter.

THE shepherds flee from their flocks, and betake themselves to their thatched huts for covert; in a moment the combustibles blaze, and the places of their supposed safety, become their funeral piles.

FROM hence a thoughtful serious mind would

would infer, that no certain security, in the hour of danger, is to be found in earthly things; and that the only sure abode of refuge, is under "the shadow of the ALMIGHTY."

THE wives and children of the villagers anxiously wait their return; and crowding at the cottage door, exclaim, Why are they so long in coming? The flocks seem to bleat in sorrow for their absent pastors; a fearful consternation possesses every bosom in the lowly cots, and wearied with painful expectation, the kindred and friends of the absentees set out in search for them. They tread the fields "with wandering steps and slow; at length they descry the prostrate oak, and beneath its branches they behold their relatives, closely locked in the cold embraces of Death; the livid corpse of each victim is conveyed to his late respective home, and the widows and fatherless children of the deceased, follow in mournful

plight,

plight, their breasts swelling with sighs, their cheeks moistened with tears, and their feet "wet with the cold evening dew."

THE report of their untimely death is quickly circulated through the village, which now becomes the general seat of woe; the passing-bell spreads the melancholy news to the adjacent hamlets, which become the silent scenes of inward sorrow; the venerable Vicar and his compassionate Wife, "visit the fatherless children and widows in their affliction," and administer to them the cup of Christian consolation.

A day is appointed for the interment of the beloved dead; it arrives and the villagers in sober sadness attend the funerals; the procession moves with solemn slowness, and the priest pronounces with a dejected voice those words of divine truth, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." The youths of the village strew the church-yard with rosemary and cypresses, wet with tears;

tears; one ample grave receives their clay-cold bodies, which are committed to it "in hope of a Resurrection to eternal" Life, through our Lord JESUS CHRIST.

WHEN the funeral rites are finished, each mournful attendant looks with a languishing eye into the "House appointed for all living"; after standing awhile sighing and silent around the mouth of the glutted grave, they sing in notes of lamentation, the following dirge, composed on the occasion by the disconsolate Vicar.

OH DEATH, relentless foe,

Who fills the living Heart with woe?

Why hast thou raised our inward sighs, & robust

And yet with tears out eyes? then biting

teeth, & eyes. III. the instant of his

In the fierce Lightning's blast,

Our friends and kindred breath'd their last;

A quick translation to the blest,

In everlasting Rest.

Not

## III.

Not for the dead we weep,  
 Who in thy cold embraces sleep;  
 But for ourselves and children dear,  
 We drop the mournful tear.

## IV.

Oh DEATH relentless foe,  
 Who fills the living Heart with woe !  
 Why hast thou rais'd our inward sighs,  
 And wet with tears our eyes ?

THE widows and orphans, with their sympathizing friends, returned pensive from the repository of the dead, to their solitary habitations; the desire of all was to console each other in the short intervals of condolance; in the splendid circles of the *Great*, and in the noisy commerce of *Cities*, such tender feelings are seldom known; the gay world, enchanted with the love of pleasure, and the mercantile, frantic in the pursuit of riches, forget "to weep with them that weep;" the best picture of human life, with a melting eye and sympathetic heart,

is

is to be found in the cottages of the lowly, whom nature hath taught "to feel another's woe."

THE Villagers, fatigued with sorrow, retire to their beds, and seek for comfort in repose; the nightingale, in the shady grove, lulls them to sleep with her plaintive song; the "moon walked in brightness," and that

“refulgent Lamp of night,  
“O'er heav'n's clear azure shed her sacred light;  
“Then not a breath disturb'd the deep serene,  
“And not a cloud o'ercast the solemn scene.”

*Pope's Homer.*

BUT soon the face of heaven was changed; the newly risen sun shed his rays on a gentle shower and formed a beautiful bow in the west, which "encompassed the heavens with a glorious arch," and foreboded a deluge of rain. The winds awoke from a transient slumber, and began to roar like a lion suddenly roused up. Darkness overspread the Hemisphere, and carried

18 THE TEMPEST.

with it terror to the trembling heart; the earth quaked with fear, and all nature was convulsed; the “war of elements” seemed to prognosticate

“ The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds;  
*Cato's Soliloquy.*

it might have been accounted a kind of prelude to that

“ Great day of dread, decision and dispair,”  
*Young.*

when “the sun shall be turned into darkness,” when “the heavens shall be folded up like a scroll, and the earth and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.”

This fatal period and the dreadful scenes preparatory to it, are described in the most emphatic language by *Dr. Young*, in his poem on the LAST DAY, which I beg leave to quote;

“ Loud peals of *thunder* give the sign, and all  
“ Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball;  
“ Sharp

“ Sharp *lightnings* with the meteor’s blaze conspire,  
“ And darted downward set the world on fire ;  
“ From heav’n’s four regions with immortal force,  
“ Angels drive on the *winds* impetuous course,  
“ T’ enrage the *flame* ; it spreads, it soars on high,  
“ Swells in the *storm*, and bellows through the sky.  
“ Here winding *pyramids of fire* ascend,  
“ Cities and deserts in one ruin blend ;  
“ Herc *blazing volumes* wafted, overwhelm  
“ The spacious face of a far distant realm ;  
“ There undermin’d down rush eternal hills,  
“ The neighb’ring vales the vast destruction fills.  
“ And thou, my soul ( oh ! fall to sudden pray’r,  
“ And let the thought sink deep) shalt thou be there ? ”

THE noise of the mighty wind almost drowned the voice of the distant thunder, which made its approach toward the zenith with amazing rapidity; the lightning vibrated to every point of the compass, and the opening clouds, as *Milton* strongly expresseth it,

"As one great furnace flam'd." —

Now the professed Atheist "believes and  
D 2 trembles;"

trembles;” the prophaner is struck dumb with awe, or else perhaps it might be said of him, as matter of admiration, “Behold he prayeth!” In this elementary tumult, the proud Oppressor throws down his rod of iron, and the Miser forgets his golden hoards; a temporary seriousness appears in every face, but when the storm is blown over, the *Shadow of Religion* is passed away with it.

THE clouds thicken and grow black as night; the wind blows with increased fury; the thunder rolls through the inflamed heavens with the deepest solemnity of sound; all nature seems convulsed; fear seizes every human heart, and trepidation every limb; even the beasts of the field stand astonished and look aghast—the feathered tribe flies to the woods, to the rocks, or to the thatched lodge for shelter—the Tempest rapidly approaches; the agitated atmosphere is dark as *Erebus* at one moment; and in the next, bright as the rising day.

Now

Now the Knee, unused to bend in homage, presses the watery sod; and the Tongue, unaccustomed to pray, exclaims, "Lord! have mercy upon me;" while the pious villagers, with hope and confidence in the ALMIGHTY, humbly say, "Shield us by thy Providence, and hide us in the hollow of thine hand, until these awful tokens of thine Indignation be overpast."

SUDDENLY opens the consummating scene, and the irresistible Lightning breaks forth from the loaded clouds, with greater violence than a hungry Lion ruffles from the thicket—nothing can withstand its force; it strikes indiscriminately the hallowed Fane and the lowly Cottage; "the solemn Temples and the gorgeous Palaces."

Lo! the village is in flames! the distressed inhabitants forsake their dwellings, run frantic about the streets, and shriek for help; all is confusion and terror—the habitations of *Labour* and *Contentment* are soon laid in ashes,

ashes, and the late occupiers become desolate and outcast; something like this will it be at the last day, "when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised;" when (according to the inimitable metaphor of *Young*)

"The swarm shall issue and the hive shall burn."

AMIDST the danger and tumult of this alarming scene, DAMETAS forgot his aged mother, who was languishing on a bed of sickness; and PHILANDER escaped from the fiery ruin, unmindful of the beloved partner of his joys and cares, who lay sleeping with the fair emblem of Innocence, sucking at her breast—recollected Thought soon stirs up remembrance of their forlorn kindred; one returns to seek his venerable parent, and the other his amiable wife and child—but how dreadful their disappointment! how shocking the spectacle! too *dreadful* to be expressed! too *shocking* for humanity to behold!

THE

THE fire, kindled by an ethereal flash, had utterly consumed their flesh, and no fragments of their bodies remained, save a few pieces of scorched bone—DAMETAS wet the ashes of his mother with tears of filial sorrow; and PHILANDER sighed over the relics of his wife and infant, with grief unutterable.

EACH of the dejected Mourners retired from the devoted spot, like the first Pair expelled from Paradise,

— “Hand in hand, with wand’ring steps and slow.”

MILTON.

WHAT supported these afflicted Villagers under their excessive weight of woe? What alleviated their painful agonies of mind, and shed a sweetening drop into their cup of bitterness? Surely, the ray of heavenly Hope, “that from the sacred relics” of their departed relatives, “as from the fragrant ashes of a Phœnix, should ere long a-  
rise illustrious forms, bright as the wings of angels,

angels, and lasting as the light of the new *Jerusalem.*"

*Harvey's Med. among the Tombs.*

THE clouds again expand, and the Lightning displays itself with renewed vehemence and brilliancy, not much unlike the eruptions of *Etna* and *Vesuvius*; its vivid electric fire reaches the top of a consecrated dome\*, and instantly kindles it into flames; the affrighted parishioners are alarmed and tremble for the safety of their habitations, and the place of their devotion; the cry of fire soon spread to an adjacent town †, and the assistance of an Engine is implored to quench the flaming pile.

THE fire was soon extinguished, but its

first

\* This alludes to the spire of the parish church at *Fritenden*, in the Weald of Kent, being burnt by lightning on the 23d. day of *December*, 1790.

† *Cranbrook*, in the Weald, where is a Fire-Engine in readiness for the use of the Inhabitants, and when wanted, is kindly sent to neighbouring villages.

first kindling is a valid proof, that "Churches are no Sanctuaries" from the lightning of heaven.

FROM the tempestuous ravages, visible in sequestered villages or populous towns and cities, let us soar on the wings of *Imagination* to some elevated promontary, and from thence take a view of the "troubled sea;" suppose its surface, at rising of the sun, shining like burnished brass, and smooth as polished marble; all serenity around; not a breeze to fan the air, or ruffle the face of the watery deep; suppose a royal fleet becalmed at anchor; the sailors sporting on deck, and every surrounding object bearing the appearance of security.

ON the edge of the western horizon, the sky was dappled with cloudy fleeces; the porpoises played on the face of the Deep; the choughs, penguins and sea-gulls sported in the air, as though Nature had been lulled to a perpetual rest — the spectators

E on

on the beach, and on the summit of the cliffs, admired the delightful prospect; the whole was variegated and enchanting; the sun, in his full strength, shone with unspotted glory; the aqueous crystal reflected his beams, and added lustre to the scene, beautiful but transient.

AN unexpected change took place; the *cloudy fleeces* accumulated apace, and gathered blackness; the *porpoises* dived to their obscure caverns; the *choughs*, *penguins* and *sea-gulls* ceased from their aerial pastime, and wing'd their way to the holes of the rocks; these were the forebodings of an approaching tempest — the wind, from a gentle gale, presently rose into a hurricane; the spectators hastened to their homes, to escape the fury of the driving storm; men are prompted by instinct, and love of self-preservation, to retreat from danger; yet with what difficulty are they prevailed on, “*to flee from the Wrath to come!*”

THE

THE Storm gathered fast to its height; the waves of the sea swelled up like mountains; the ships dragged their anchors, or broke their cables; some lost their masts and others their rudders; so impetuous was the wind and so boisterous the ocean, that not a vessel in the fleet would answer to the helm; some, like the unfortunate VICTORY, foundered and sunk into the "dark, unfathom'd caves of Ocean;" others were driven against the rocks, and dashed into pieces; most of the helpless mariners were buried in the deep, and a few, very few, were saved on a trusty plank.

IT is difficult for a landsman to describe a storm at sea, or represent the state of a ship in distress, and splitting on the craggy rocks—the painter, who would draw a proper and striking picture of such a scene, must be a spectator of it. Being myself personally a stranger to shipwrecks, I beg leave to quote from Mr. Falconer, the poetical Sailor, who was aboard the *Britannia*

28 THE TEMPEST.

Merchant-man, bound from *Alexandria* to *Venice*, which touched at the island of *Candia*, whence proceeding on her voyage, she met with a violent storm that drove her on the coasts of *Greece*, where she suffered shipwreck near *Cape Colonne*, three only of the crew being left alive.

THE splitting of the ship on the rocks he thus represents in glowing and lively colours.

“ Lifted on gath’ring billows, up she flies,  
“ Her shatter’d top-mast buried in the skies;  
“ Borne o’er a latent reef, the hull impends,  
“ Then thund’ring on the marble crags descends:  
“ Down on the vale of death, with horrid cries,  
“ The fated wretches, trembling, cast their eyes;  
“ Lost to all hope, when lo ! a second shock  
“ Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock;  
“ Her groaning hulk the dire concussion feels,  
“ And with up-heaving floods she nods and reels;  
“ Repeated strokes her crushing ribs divide;  
“ She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruins o’er the tide.”

THE above cited Author concludes his pathetic

pathetic poem with the following impressive lines

“ Now had the Grecians on the beech arriv'd,  
“ To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd :  
“ While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread  
“ With shatter'd rafts, and corse of the dead;  
“ Three still alive, benum'd and faint they find,  
“ In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.  
“ The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,  
“ The feeble strangers in their arms sustain ;  
“ With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,  
“ And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.”

FROM these quotations I return to the narrative of the tempest and wreck, on the southern coast of this island.

THE storm being blown over, the clouds dispersed, the lightnings extinguished, the thunder hush'd into silence, and the sun shining in its meridian glory, the before affrighted throng revisited the clift and the beach, to view the desolations wrought by the wind and waves.

WHAT a spectacle of ruin and death presents

fents itself to their eyes! some remnants of the wreck floating on the waters, and others driven on the shore; the mangled carcases and broken limbs of the drowned sailors, disfiguring the sands—Oh! Death, what wide and sudden havoc hast thou made! In the prospect or meditation of so desolating a scene, what eye withholds the tear, what heart forgets to pant with sorrow!

“ Now, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,  
 “ The swains lament, and maidens weep around;  
 “ While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,  
 “ With wonder gaze and drop th' unconscious tear.  
 “ Oh! now this Moral let their souls retain,  
 “ All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain.”

FALCONER'S SHIPWRECK.

THE spectators pick'd up the dead, and piled their bodies into a little heap of Mortality. From the shore they were promiscuously conveyed to a neighbouring church-yard, and interred without distinction in one common grave. There they sleep together in a quiet resting place, where no winds

THE TEMPEST. 31

winds of Calamity blow, and no waves of Temptation roll; there will they sleep undisturbed, till the universal

“Wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

CATO.

But those who slumber in the dust shall awake to a life immortal,

Where then, O! Death, will be thy venom'd fling,  
And where thy vaunted victories, O! Grave?

FROM the glutted grave we return to the sandy shore, and behold it (on the retreat of the tide) covered with parts of the shattered vessels, and their cargoes of different kinds; some collected the fragments for the benefit of the owners, but the far greatest part of them was carried off by a band of plunderers, for their own use; this practice is basely taking advantage of others calamities, and injuring the distressed beyond conception; more acts of humanity and justice are oftentimes found on foreign coasts, than

on

on the unhospitable shores of civilized Britain\*. Such execrable conduct would make the feeling *African* ashamed, and put an untutored *Laplander* to the blush.

### TRANSITION

from the lately troubled sea, and shores, overspread with wrecks, to the shady bowers and blooming groves.

HERE flowers of various names display their beauty, and all around diffuse their odours; the nightingale warbles melodiously in the thorny thicket, while the ascending lark fills heaven's canopy with his lofty music; the lucid stream moves in soft murmurs over the pebbles; at a long distance is just heard the dying sounds of a clacking mill, and echo faintly reverberates the noise

of

\* The cruel custom of pillaging from Wrecks, and carrying away the property of unfortunate men, is a disgrace to any christian country; yet it too much prevails on the coasts of our polished Island.

of a remote cascade. The sun declines to the west, and sets in unfullied lustre.

A perfect calmness reigns through the atmosphere, not a leaf is shaken, and the whole seems as if Nature was lulled asleep, in the lap of *Silence*.

## CONTRAST

how delightful and charming, compared to that of the howling wind, "the war of elements," and the confused roar of tumultuous billows!

Such is the difference between the noise of commercial cities ("where swarms the busy multitude," where coaches rattle through the streets, and loaded carriages rumble over the uneven pavement) such the difference between the *Hurry* of traffic, and the still *Calmness* of contentment, retired to some rural villa. Such the difference between the dangerous scenes of

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proud *Prosperity*, and the safe retreat of humble *Adversity*.

BUT infinitely greater difference, between the tempests and tumult of the fluctuating *sea* of this world, and the peaceful *harbour* of the next; there all will be *Serenity* and *Security*. Happy the voyagers who are there arrived, who have escaped the dangers of life's perilous *ocean*, and are firmly anchored in the haven of *REST*.

WE are now embarked on feeble vessels, and all bound for that unexplored country, "from whose bourn no traveller returns." Let us labour that we may be fitted for the passage; may we take with us the *Anchor of Hope*, the *Compass of the Gospel*, by which we may steer aright, the *Helm of Prudence*, and the *Rudder of Fortitude*. In this hazardous voyage, let us commit ourselves to the care of *PROVIDENCE*, as our *Pilot*,

"Spread all our *Canvas* for the heav'nly coast,"

and

and bear away before the refreshing *Gales*  
of the SPIRIT for our final home,

"Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind."

## H A Y - M A K I N G .

After a storm the Sun more bright appears,  
And Beauty's cheek looks fairest after tears.

SUCCESSIONS in the material and elementary world are pleasing, and a variety of scenes in the course of nature is beautiful and charming. Now the Tempest is past, the face of Creation does not exhibit an *apparent*, but *real* Gaiety ; "the Spring's mouth, the breath of Jasmine, and Violet's infant-sweets" impregnate the ambient air with odours; the grass, that lately waved over the surface of the earth, is now mowed by the Labourer's sythe; yesterday it flourished, to-day it fades; thus man "cometh up like a flower, and is cut down;" what impressive elegance, what affecting truth is contained in the language of the

Prophet, who, in allusion to human frailty, and man's transitory glory, thus writes! "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof passeth away."

THE mowers prepare work for the nymphs and swains, who hasten to the new-shorn meadows with rakes and prongs; their hands and tongues nimbly move; health and cheerfulness make their toil a sport; the jocund laugh and mirthful joke go briskly round; they seem rather to play than to labour, and yet their work goes on apace; high Noon calls them to the shady hedge, or the sweet-scented Hay-cock; here they satisfy the hungry demands of nature, with plain wholesome viands, and slake their thirst with the refreshing juice of apples, or with moderate potions of barley-wine; they are strangers to Luxury and Intemperance, and to the painful train of ills that follows them; they know, as it were by instinct, what *Dr. Young* has taught in the poetic school,

school, that

" Man wants but little, nor that little long :"

YE splendid flutterers at Courts and Levees ! ye butter-flies of a week ! ye flimsey "gossamers, that wanton in the summer-ray ! " ye delicate and fair ! ye soft and pretty play-things,

" Harmonious touch'd by Nature's finest hand ; "

ye painted "lilies of the valley, who neither toil nor spin ! " your Epicurean feasts and wines from every vintage, are baneful and insipid for want of rural life.

NATURE being refreshed, the lads and lasses renew their arduous task, and scarcely cease from their labours with the setting sun ; having finished the business of the day, they retire from the fields and meads to their thatched habitations, the sequestered abodes of Contentment and Joy ; while on their return, the nymphs warble away their fatigue,

tigue, and in songs forget their sweating labours; the swains join in chorus, or else

“ Whistle as they go, for want of thought.”

As they approach their respective homes, the prattling children run forth to meet them; and all with innocent fondness, and Infant-joy, hang around the mother’s neck.

THE oaken table is soon spread with home-spun cloth; the trenchers, clean as the cabinets of the Great, are laid in rustic order; a salutary supper is brought forth, and the whole family set down to regale themselves, with what the labour of their hands had obtained.

AFTER a moderate repast, the first part of the short remainder of the evening is spent in domestic chat, and the latter in strains of devotion to the UNIVERSAL FATHER; whose providential care extends to all his children, and whose protecting

ing hand draws around their beds "the curtains of Salvation."

## Unexpected Catastrophe.

VIRTUE is not the common path-way to riches and worldly greatness; nor is PIETY always a shield from calamities and adversity; the villagers were fast locked in the embraces of SLEEP; not a sound broke on the silence of the air without, save the doleful unvaried note of the screech-owl; nothing disturbed the stillness within, but the repeated chirping of mirthful crickets.

WHEN lo! on a sudden the village rings with the *Cry of Fire*, and the shrieks of its almost naked inhabitants; terror appears in every face, and a confused hurry prevails in every quarter; the flames burst forth with resistless fury, and the kindled thatch rose towards the clouds in fiery columns, and the

the cottagers wept over the ruin, which they could not prevent.

THE sequel of this solemn scene exhibited a dire event, which I shall *briefly relate*, for it is too shocking for Humanity to *dwell on*. An aged woman, with two of her grand-children, perished in the devouring flames; so rapid was the progress of the fire, that no hand could rescue *Innocence* and *Age* from danger and death.

SURELY, methinks, this devoted hamlet was free from the guilt of SODOM, and the criminal enormities of GOMORRAH, and yet suffered a similar fate ! Here a veil of obscurity spreads over the conduct of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, which men are not permitted to penetrate or draw aside; in such a perplexing case it behoves us, not to complain or repine, but to venerate the Equity and Wisdom of the SUPREME MANAGER of all things, “whose ways are past finding out”—Most applicable

applicable to this observation are the inimitable lines of Mr. *Addison*, who informs us in the ensuing words, viz.

“ The ways of Heav’n are dark and intricate,  
 “ Puzzled in mazes and perplex’d with errors ;  
 “ Our understanding traces them in vain,  
 “ Lost and bewilder’d in the fruitless search,  
 “ Nor sees with how much art the windings run,  
 “ Nor where the *regular Confusion* ends.”

CATO.

DURING the terrors of the night, and amid the calamities which the opening day discovered, WILLIAM GOODWILL, *Esqr.* (the FATHER of the parish) and Mr. BENEVOLT, the worthy VICAR, personally attended, and afforded the distressed people all the assistance in their power, both by consolatory counsel, and aiding them in the removal of what few effects escaped the desolating fire.

THE poor distressed cottagers were humanely invited by GOODWILL and BE-

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NEVOLT

NEVOLT to their respective houses, whose doors (like the gates of heaven) are always open to admit the wretched who fly thither for succour; in these mansions of hospitality, the unhappy Outcasts were entertained in a liberal manner, and with that placid gravity in the countenances of their hosts, as indicated both a hearty welcome, and a sympathetic feeling for their sufferings.

THE next day was mostly spent in searching for the bodies of those, who had perished in the flames, and a few scorched relics were dug out of the ruins; these were deposited in one coffin, and in a short time afterwards were decently interred. The burial of these remnants of mortality was attended by great numbers of mourners from the adjacent parishes; the procession to the church, and from thence to the grave, was solemn, slow and silent; nothing was heard, but the doleful sound of the bell, which the Vicar had ordered to be muffled.

ON

ON entering the church-yard the pious Man of God, with pathetic energy, pronounced the following sacred words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

THIS inspired language shed a ray of *Hope* over their gloomy spirits, and intermingled a cordial of Joy with the bitter draught of Sorrow.

HE proceeded in the funeral Service and said, " We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord ! " At the repetition of this humbling Truth, the sigh unfeigned broke from the burdened bosom, and the friendly tear moistened the

rustic cheek, which GUILT had never taught to blush.

MR. BENEVOLT preached an excellent sermon on this distressful occasion, and chose his text from 2. Pet. iii. 10. 11. “ The day of the LORD will come as a thief in the night ”—sudden—unexpected and alarming—“ in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise ”—more terrible and tremendous than the voice of thunder—“ and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness ! ”

THE ears of the congregation hung on the preacher’s lips, and listened with that steadfast attention, as though they heard for ETERNITY. Not a wandering eye was discoverable; and perhaps, the SEARCH-

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ER of all hearts did not note a trifling or earthly thought.

MR. BENEVOLT, in his discourse, dwelt largely on this passage, “the earth alfo, and the works that are therein shall be burnt up.” Here he expatiated in a tender and affecting manner, saying, “My beloved parishoners and neighbours, ye have lately been spectators of a fiery scene; ye have beheld a few houses in flames, and were terrified at the awful prospect; but what is the burning of an obscure village, to that *general* conflagration when “the earth itself, which is reserved unto fire, shall be burnt up?”—When all the works of art and labor, the lofty pyramids, the impregnable towers, the triumphal arches, the splendid palaces of pomp and luxury, together with the habitations of poverty and wretchedness, shall be kindled into one universal blaze.

WHEN the breath of the ALMIGHTY  
shall

shall blow up a fire, that will reduce this “ great Rotundity ” to ashes; and its place, in the spacious circle of Creation, shall no more be found.

Do ye believe the certainty of this approaching event? “ I know that ye believe ”—“ What manner of persons, then, ought ye to be ? ” Attend to the soft whispers of Conscience, and that faithful monitor will solve the question.

IN such striking and important strains of eternal Truth, did the worthy Vicar address his auditors; his words reached to the inmost recesses of the soul, and were not like the unimpressive sounds of empty superficial eloquence, which

“ Play round the head, but come not to the heart.”

WHEN Mr. BENEVOLT first hinted his intention of giving a sermon on the death of those who were lost by the fire, Mr.

GOODWILL

GOODWILL proposed to him the utility of a collection, after the service, on behalf of those in the village who were the real objects of christian compassion and charity—the Vicar acquiesced in the proposal with extatic pleasure, such as the “*Sanctities of Heaven*” taste, when a repenting sinner is ushered into their blessed society.

AT the conclusion of his discourse Mr. BENEVOLT informed the congregation, that a collection would be made at the church door for the benefit of the poor sufferers by fire; he urged many tender persuasives to touch the feelings of his auditory, and excite them to a generous contribution; he told them, that by a liberal donation (according to their respective circumstances) they would testify to all around, not only *what manner of persons* they themselves WERE, but also *what manner of persons* others OUGHT TO BE; as a farther incitement to this good work, he added—“Remember, that though the present distressed

distressed objects of your charitable benevolence cannot recompense you, yet "you shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just;" and let the approbation which you shall receive, at the last day, from the lips of your merciful JUDGE and SAVIOUR, now open your hearts and hands in liberality, for he will say to you (when the kind acts of this evening shall be brought in recognition at the final audit) "*Inasmuch as ye did these things unto one of the least of my brethren, ye did them unto me.*"

WHILE the Vicar was thus speaking, the hearts of the people melted within them; and when the service was finished, a collection was made which did honor to the village and adjacent parishes, and would put to blush the scanty pittance of a BRIEF. The money, so generously bestowed on this sad occasion, was as prudently and equitably distributed among the sufferers, by GOODWILL and BENEVOLT.

THE harvest was begun in the southern parts of this island; a prospect of plenty opened in the spacious fields, and CERES smiled on the yeoman's industry; the bended ears, laden with different grain, were ripe for the sickle or the sythe, and seemed to court respectively the reaper's and mower's hands.

FOR many weeks successively, the sky was serene, and unspotted with a cloud; the atmosphere was still and fultry; the weather grew excessive hot under the scorching and baneful Influence of SIRIUS, the dog-star; the laborers moistened the sod with the sweat of their brows, and grew thirsty as the parched earth; the husbandmen and gleaners, fatigued with toil and fainting under the powerful beams of the meridian sun, sought covert from the heat under the shadow of some wide-spreading trees; it was high noon, and the peasants were more disposed to sleep than to eat; presently a small cloud appeared in the south, just

## 50 THE TEMPEST.

above the horizon; a refreshing breeze sprung up, which gently moved the leaves, and was as welcome to the tired workmen, as the aromatic gales on the arabian coasts are to the sun-burnt mariners.

SOON the clouds began to rise and thicken in every quarter; the sound of thunder, at a long distance, was faintly heard; the wind suddenly became rapid in its progress, and the tempest began to roar with an astonishing noise; the laborers started up alarmed, and fear surprised the stoutest heart; the lightnings played incessant, and as they approached nearer became doubly terrible; the darkness which overspread the hemisphere, rendered the elementary flames more vivid and awful; the storm was now wrought into a hurricane, and the corn, in several places, was raised from the ground in lofty spiral columns, and widely circulated through the air.

AT this instant a load of wheat, in straw on

T H E T E M P E S T. 51

on a waggon, took fire from the lightning's blaze, and was quickly consumed to ashes; the affrighted horses stood immoveable, and were scorched to death by the flames.

THE inimitable poet justly remarks,

" When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

" But in Battalions" —————

YOUNG.

and disasters oftentimes tread close on one another's heels—so it was in this calamitous scene—the rain poured down like a cataract, the hail beat with unspeakable fury, and a flash of lightning which ran along the ground, resembling a kindled stream of brimstone, instantaneously put a period to the lives of two men and one woman—this solemn stroke filled the trembling survivors with lamentation and terror, and reminds me of a Letter, written by the celebrated Mr. Gay, giving an account of two Lovers who were struck dead by the same Flash of Lightning.

H 2

THIS

THIS masterly Epistle I beg leave here to insert, for the information of those who have never read it, and to revive it in the memories of those who may have forgotten it.

## THE LETTER.

*Stanton-Harcourt,  
August 9th, 1718.*

“ SIR,

THE only News you can expect to have from me here, is News from Heaven, for I am quite out of the World, and there is scarce any thing can reach me, except the Noise of Thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old Authors of high Towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble Vallies have escaped: The only thing that is Proof against it is the Laurel, which however I take to be no great Security to the Brains of modern Authors, But to let you see that the Contrary to this often happens, I must

must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant Heap of Towers in the Universe, which is in this Neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a Cock of Barley in our next Field has been consumed to Ashes. Would to God that this Heap of Barley had been all that had perished ! But unhappily beneath this little Shelter sat two much more constant Lovers, than ever were found in Romance under a Beech-Tree.

“*John Hewit* was a well-set Man of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age : They had passed through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction ; if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the Cows to her hand. It was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of green Silk for her Straw-Hat, and the Poesy on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the talk of the whole

whole Neighbourhood, for Scandal never affirmed that they had any other views, than the lawful possession of each other in Marriage.

“ It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the intervals of their Work they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding-Day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their way to what Shelter the trees and hedges afforded. *Sarah* was frightened, and fell down in a Swoon on a heap of Barley; *John*, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, and having raked together

gether two or three Heaps, the better to secure her from the Storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven had split asunder; every one was solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour, and called to one another throughout the Field. No answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the Barley all in a smoke, and then espied this faithful Pair, *John* with one arm about *Sarah's* neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the Lightning. They were both struck in this tender posture; *Sarah's* left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her Breast; her Lover was all over black, but not the least signs of Life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next day were interred in *Stanton-Harcourt* Church-Yard. My Lord *Harcourt*, at Mr. *Pope's* and my request, has caused a Stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we should

should furnish the Epitaph, which is as follows;

*When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,  
On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire;  
Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both that it might neither wound;  
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,  
Sent his own Lightning, and the Victims feiz'd.*

BUT my Lord is apprehensive the Country People will not understand this; and Mr. Pope says he will make one with something of Scripture in it, and as little Poetry as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

I am &c."

As it does not appear that Mr. Pope's intended epitaph on *John* and *Sarah* was ever written, the author of the TEMPEST hath taken the liberty to compose one somewhat consonant to Mr. Pope's design.

EPITAPH.

*EPI T A P H.*

*John Drewit* lies beneath this stone,  
And likewife *Sarah Drew* ;  
A faithful Pair, excell'd by none,  
And equal'd but by few.

The Lightning struck poor honest *John*,  
With *Sarah* eke also ;  
And both at once to Heav'n are gone,  
Where godly people go.

Reader ! to sacred Writ attend,  
Which bids thee to " prepare ; "  
That so thou may'st to Bliss ascend,  
Where this fond couple are !

*A DIGRESSION.*

FROM a view of the fluctuating state of the elementary system, the variety of seasons, and the sudden changes of weather, let us turn our thoughts to a contemplation on the mutability of human affairs, and earthly things; the *former* aptly resemble the *latter*, and a reflective mind will de-

I duce

duce lessons of WISDOM from their similitude.

EXPERIENCE teaches every reasonable Being, that human life is attended with vicissitudes unexpected, and oftentimes alarming.

### SECULAR CONCERNS

are liable to change; the *serene summer-day* represents a state of PROSPERITY; the *stormy winter-night*, a season of ADVERSITY; men may awhile flourish in trade, “wade in wealth or soar in fame;” yet in a short time may feel the pangs of a sad reverse; *Trade* may decay from various causes, viz. from Carelessness, Dissipation, a Love of Pleasure, Extravagance, Extortion, bad Debts, &c. *Wealth* may be exhausted by a thousand drains; by imitating the Follies, Fashions and Luxuries of those in higher life; by frequenting polite Watering-places, the Turf and the Gaming-table.

ble; *Fame* may sink into Contempt by men's licentious or versatile conduct, or from the fickleness of public Applause.

## FAMILIES

are subject to innumerable mutabilities, such as are painful to rehearse or recollect; their tranquillity is discomposed by sudden gusts from different quarters; by perverseness of Temper; by Disobedience of children; by Elopements and unhappy Marriages; by the Behaviour of Fathers who have "flinty hearts," or of Mothers whose parental Affections are exhausted for the Love of puerile Gaieties. But suppose none of the above causes should exist to disturb the peace of Families, and create Changes therein, yet unavoidable alterations will be wrought by the hand of DEATH; that despotic *King of Terrors* makes many changes, but no distinctions; sometimes he leaves the Heads of a family childless, and at other-times renders children Orphans; HE ne-

ver strikes any dead, but the living feel  
the Blow.

### The BODY,

like the air in which it breaths, is exposed to vicissitudes; numberless accidents befall it, accidents mostly unforeseen, sometimes unavoidable, and frequently fatal. How soon is the corporeal Machine put out of tune by a dislocated Joint, a broken Bone, or a fractured Skull! The disasters and disorders, to which the human Body is incident, are so many and miserable, as to render the Earth a general Hospital.

*Health* is to the Body its season of Serenity, and *Disease* the time of its Inclemency; the raging *Fever* is as the torrid Zone, which dries up the nutritive fluids; the shivering *Ague* is like the frozen climate of Zembla; the *Stone* and *Gout* convulse the whole material frame with torturing pain, as equinoctial Storms agitate the atmosphere;

sphere; *Consumption* absorbs the radical moisture, and leaves the Body to pine and decay, like the flowers and plants of the field, when its vegetative juices are evaporated; *Dropsey* makes a change in it, like an inundation of waters, or the breaking forth of springs in the bowels of the earth.

THE different stages of man's life have been aptly compared to the four seasons of the year; his state of *Infancy* is represented by the *Spring*, in which Nature begins to put forth her tender leaves, and by progressive advances forms the folded buds, which by degrees expand into gaudy blossoms, the usual prelages of future fruit; thus in the *Spring of Life*, the "young Idea shoots" in the intellectual soil; the seeds of *Religion* and *Morality*, being early sown into the Heart, by proper cultivation may spread into a pleasing and beautiful bloom, which will promise a plentiful production of "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

*Youth*

*Youth* is resembled by *Summer*, when the face of creation bears on it the features of liveliness and joy; when all is activity and gladness; when

“ Health strings the nerves, and Vigour warms the blood;”

DRYDEN.

when the “ *Evil Days* ” seem afar off, and are seen but in perspective; “ *Rejoice, now, O! man in thy youth* ”—in its innocent amusements and enchanting prospects—“ and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth ”—unburdened with cares, and unsullied with sorrows—“ yet know thou ”—remember it seriously as a matter of importance, and believe it firmly as an infallible truth—“ that for all these things ”—for the criminal follies of thy youth, and for the less excusable extravagancies of thy maturer years—“ *GOD will bring thee into judgment.* ”

*Autumn* holds forth a picture of ripened *Manhood*,

*Manhood*, in which the animal powers, and mental faculties are wrought into maturity; this is the season in which men may exert their natural strength, according to their respective occupations or professions; the mechanic is now equal to the labor of the hammer; the peasant to the toil of the field, and the soldier to the hardships of a campaign; this is the time for the man of science and literature to display his talents, and diffuse his intellectual light; to improve mankind by his genius, and recommend the charms of philosophy and astronomy to juvenile minds.

THE emblem of grey-headed *Age* is hoary *Winter*, when the melody of the birds is ceased, when the grass-hopper forgets to chirp, when the fields have lost their verdure, and the trees their leafy ornaments; when all around is a dreary scene, and Nature gives symptoms as though “she had breath’d her last” — In this declining stage of Life, are faded the charms of *Pleasure*;

sure; the views of *Ambition* are dull and contracted; the former sweets of *Luxury* are become tasteless; the *Desire* of worldly things is now palled, and scarce a passion remains in the human breast, but the *Auri sacra fames*—the absurd and polluting *Love of Riches*.

DR. YOUNG, in his *Night Thoughts*, most forceably exposes this reigning vice of *Age*, when he thus exclaims,

“ Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
“ Strike deeper our vile roots, and closer cling,  
“ Still more enamour'd with this wretched soil! ”

THE view of such a one bent down under the load of years, tottering along the verge of the grave, and every moment in danger of dropping into it—the view of such a one, in so hazardous a situation, grasping fast his glittering treasure, and loath to let it go—treasure that profits not in the day of death—that will not bribe the Executioner, nor purchase a minute's

nute's respite—the view of such a man, who will not be weaned from the love of the world he is about to leave, nor send one pious envoy of his heart to that he is entering on, must fill a reflecting mind with sorrow, and touch a tender soul with sympathetic woe. Reader! may this never be thy case! May'st thou never be witness to such a spectacle of Distress!

NOTES.

## THE HUMAN MIND,

like this sublunary system, undergoes its changes. Sometimes the soul, with all its noble faculties, enjoys a state of *Calmness*, like the pacific ocean, and days of *Serenity*, unclouded as a summer-sky: In its smooth and undisturbed seasons, *CONTENTMENT* sits regent on the mental throne; she acquiesces in every dispensation of Providence; is cheerful when it smiles, and resigned when it frowns; not a murmer disquiets her heart, nor a complaint escapes her lips; though "clouds and darkness

66 THE TEMPEST.

should be round about her,"—yet PEACE reigns within. When the MIND is in a placid frame, CONTEMPLATION spreads her wings and soars above terrestrial objects; she enters, as by intuition into the heaven of heavens; lives, "as seeing HIM that is invisible,"

“ And from his sight  
“ Receives beatitude past utterance.”

MILTON.

IN this divine Elevation, how does the soul look down with a sacred disdain on all inferior things! it beholds this little spot of earth, as thrown at an immence distance, and all the glory thereof, in its view, diminishes to a point. Now Joy possesses the whole frame, and is the antepast of future and unchangeable felicity——now

“ HOPE springs immortal in the human breast,”

and “enters within the vail;” it realizes things

things to come, and casteth anchor on the  
peaceful shore of Eternity,

Where storms and tempests never blow,  
And dangers are no more.

THESE are the calm and still seasons of  
the *pious* soul, while ANGER, WRATH,  
ANXIETY, GRIEF, ENVY and DISCON-  
TENT, are the *Storms*, the sudden *Squalls*  
and *Tornadoes* that disturb the guilty Mind,  
and render it "like the troubled sea which  
cannot rest"—but the two most dread-  
ful passions that can agitate or affect the hu-  
man soul, are FRENZY and DESPAIR,  
which beat upon it like *Hurricanes*, and  
leave it in as helpless and forlorn a state, as  
a ship in a boisterous sea, without a mast,  
without a compass, without a rudder.

### C H A N G E S

are visible in *States*, *Kingdoms* and *Empires*,  
as in the elementary world; where are now

the once flourishing empires of PERSIA, BABYLON, GREECE and ROME, the boast of ages past, the scourge and terror of mankind? Their palaces are laid in ruins, and "not one stone is left upon another"—their monarchs, sophies, and emperors, who stained the earth with blood, and disfigured the ground with mangled carcases of the human race, are all cut down by

"Time's enormous sythe,  
"Whose ample sweep strikes Empires from their roots,"  
and are lost in oblivion and dust,  
"flat Yause.

YEARS of modern date have furnished instances of Revolutions and Vicissitudes in States and Kingdoms. *America, France* and *Poland* have experienced the mutability of civil establishments, and can witness that there are convulsions in the *body politic*, as in the *human*.

## NATURE

hath its *Changes*, and the face of things is altered by time and second causes; unathomable chasms have been formed on this material globe by *Earthquakes*; flaming channels have been cut in mountains by *Volcanoes*; *Storms* and *Inundations* have swept away the basis of hills, have torn up oaks, pines and cedars by the roots, and spread vicissitude and desolation far and wide.

THE WORKS OF ART

undergo mutation from a variety of causes; the most superb palaces, the most magnificent temples, the most impregnable castles, and the most stately edifices of every denomination are subject to a ruinous change. Where are now those cities of ancient renown, which were the work of ages, the admiration of the whole world, and the seats of commerce, opulence and royalty?

Where

70 THE TEMPEST.

Where is BABYLON the GREAT—where is TROY—JERUSALEM—and ROME? They are fallen, and scarce a trace of their site is to be now found. Where are PTOLEMY's Egyptian Pyramids—where the pompous Pantheon—where the Temple of JUPITER CAPITOLINUS—where the Pillars of ANTONINE and TRAJAN, whose tops aspired to the clouds?—Where are now the most eminent structures of Antiquity?—They are mouldered into dust like their founders, and little or nothing of them remains, but the name.

WHAT a shade doth such a change cast over human grandeur, and the most remarkable productions of labour and skill! Seeing then, that the works of *Nature* and of *Art* are daily changing, and will finally be dissolved, let the reasonable and immortal Soul turn away its attention from "the things which are seen, and are temporal;" and amidst the fluctuation of sublunary objects, look above and beyond them to a state

state of *Ininvulnerability*, and maintain an unshaken confidence in GOD, "with whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning!"

**T**HE day closed in serenity—the moon arose in full splendor, and "walked in brightness" along her heavenly path; the stars sparkled in their station with emulating lustre; each planet displayed its midnight beauty, and though in the *milky way* "one star differed from another star in glory," yet each was luminous; before the moon sunk into the lap of *Thetis*—before

“ Night’s tapers were burnt out,”  
the day began to spread its roseate mantle over the summit of the distant and lofty mountains; the lark, “the herald of the morn,” proclaimed the sun’s approach; soon the *Monarch of the Sky* came forth in eastern radiancy, “as a bridegroom cometh

## 72 THE TEMPEST

eth out of his chamber, leaping like a strong man to run a race.

IN his train were remotely discoverable, tall cloudy pillars of divers hues; they rose one above another to a stupendous height, and their various colours were suddenly changed into a vail of darkness; being borne on the wings of the wind, they rapidly overspread the *Majesty of Heaven*, and obscured his brilliancy—All seemed to forebode a Tempest, but the same wind which brought on the clouds, quickly dissipated them, and “the meek-ey’d morn-ing” opened again with renewed brightness.

Now the rustic swains went forth cheerful to their daily toil; “the fields were white unto harvest,” and the bending ears courted the laborer’s sickle; the business of the day was pursued with unremitting ardour, until the sun had reached its meridian height, when the industrious workmen retired

retired to a cooling shade, and partook of a moderate and homely repast.

HAVING refreshed and invigorated Nature, they returned to their laborious task, and had a flattering prospect that the day would close serenely—but so precarious and shifting are scenes beneath the sky, that men “know not what a day,” or even an hour “may bring forth;” this observation is verified in a thousand instances, nor least in the following distressful and affecting

## T A L E.

AMARISSA (for by this name I shall distinguish the amiable Mrs. B——) descended from worthy parents, who brought her up with care and tenderness; she was politely educated in such literature and arts, as became her station, and might be ornamental to her character. AMARISSA was an only child; Mr. B—— watched over her with a paternal fondness, and Mrs.

L

B——

~~B—~~ "lov'd her with a Mother's dear delight."

As she grew in years and stature, her beauty opened into bloom and fragrance like the damask rose; her native modesty improved her charms, and being

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's-self."

THOMPSON.

Liberality guided her hand, and Religion ruled in her heart; the language of Truth and Affection flowed from her lips, and the tears of Sympathy bedewed her cheeks—her charms became attractive, and FIDELIO was captivated by them; his Person was graceful, his Address genteel, his Manners denoted him to be neither a cynic nor a fop, and his Character was irreproachable.

Love unfeigned soon induced him to disclose the sentiments of his mind to the fair AMARISSA; his professions of Affection

fection for her, were not the extravagant rantings of a *Rake*, but the gentle breathings of a *Man of sober Sense*. FIDELIO, having obtained permission from AMARISSA, made known to her parents his chaste passion for their amiable daughter; they gave him an attentive hearing, and promised him a further audience on the subject.

MR. and MRS. B—— mentioned to their daughter, FIDELIO's fond attachment to her, and that he had made them honorable overtures of marriage; they asked, if she was inclined to join her hand with his at the altar of HYMEN——here *Silence* sealed her lips, but *Modesty* blush'd consent.

THE parents were pleased with her behaviour, which afforded them a strong assurance, that their counsel and instructions had not been in vain; as she withdrew to her apartment she met FIDELIO in the hall; his eyes sparkled with delight, and

## 76 THE TEMPEST.

her heart palpitated with joy; he renewed his addresses to her with the softest soothings of Love, and with tender expressions of sincere Fidelity. They made a mutual exchange of vows, and imagination presented to them such enchanting scenes, as

“ As youthful Poets fancy when they love.”

FIDELIO was the only son of a reputable Merchant, late of *London*, but who had for some time retired into the Country to preserve his health, and taste the pleasures of rural solitude. His fortune was far above mediocrity; he spent nothing like a prodigal, nor saved any thing like a miser; the blessing of the poor awaited him daily, and the good will of “ those who were ready to perish came upon him.”

On FIDELIO his affection and hope centered, and “ his life was bound up in his son’s life;” his comfort in this, and his happiness in a future world, was the prevailing

prevailing matter of his prayer; and like the ancient patriarch was used to say, "If any Evil or Mischief befall him, it will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

At length the happy hour arrived, when the union of their hands was to cement the union of the hearts of FIDELIO and A-MARISSA; their marriage was celebrated, not with Bacchanalian mirth and noise, but with that untainted joy and peaceable festivity, which attended the bridal rites of the first pair, when ADAM led his EVE.

"To the nuptial bower, blushing as the morn."

MILTON.

The venerable parents of the amiable couple beheld them with complacency, grew young in rapture, and anticipated the bliss of years to come; FIDELIO was established in a mercantile line, and both the *Indies* poured their wealth into his coffers; yet it was not secured there to be idolized with a

miser's

miser's flinty heart; but the hand of M  
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E dispersed it abroad, among the  
numerous objects of compassion and chia  
rity.

THE *Eye of Providence* beheld his hea  
ven-born disposition with approbation, and  
“watched over him continually for good.”  
The wife of his bosom shared in his joys,  
and the same spirit of benevolence which  
warmed his heart, animated hers, and  
“whatsoever they did prospered.”

AT length AMARISSA became a mo  
ther; she was delivered of twins, a son and  
daughter, to the inexpressible pleasure of  
her husband; his heart, on this occasion,  
overflowed with gratitude to GOD, the  
tears of joy bedewed his cheeks, and the  
strains of devotional praise issued from his  
lips; the voice of rejoicing was heard  
throughout the neighbouring streets, and  
the poor around tasted anew the liberality  
of FIDELIO.

AMARISSA

AMARISSA recovered her strength apace, and her babes grew daily pleasing; at the expiration of five weeks after their birth, the children received at the baptismal font, the names of CHARLES and CHARLOTTE; their mother was their *Nurse*, and they seemed to suck from her cheerfulness and beauty; their parents hung over them with an ineffable look of fondness; the preservation of their health and lives was the matter of their constant care and prayers; not a cloud overcast the hemisphere of their domestic happiness for a while, but at length a gloomy thick darkness overshadowed it.

How feeble, how shifting is the basis,  
on which human comforts rest!

“ The spider’s most attenuated thread,  
“ Is cord, is cable, to man’s tender tye  
“ On sublunary bliss—it breaks at ev’ry breeze.”

YOUNG.

WHEN

80 THE TEMPEST.

WHEN we review the sudden transitions in life from Joy to Sorrow, from Serenity to Storms, we shall painfully feel the truth of Dr. Watts's observation,

" The choicest things beneath the sky,  
" Give but a flattering light;  
" We should suspect some Danger nigh,  
" When we possess Delight.

ABOUT five months had elapsed from the birth of CHARLES and CHARLOTTE, when their worthy father, by the call of business, went from the *Capital* to *Gravesend* in order to go on board an East India-man, lately arrived in the *Thames* from *Bengal*; after spending a few hours with the Captain, FIDELIO was set on shore, and immediately stepped into his chariot to return home; on the road over *Black Heath* he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and in a few minutes expired.

AMARISSA ardently waited his approach, and exclaimed to herself, " Why are

are his chariot wheels so long in coming?"—The news of his death was communicated to AMARISSA by a friend, in the most prudent and soothing manner; the mournful intelligence she received with trembling—lifted up her eyes to heaven—with emphatic sorrow cried out, "My God, thy Will be done!"—and then fainted in her chair.

EVERY proper means were used to bring back her fugitive spirits, and restore her to herself; for awhile all was ineffectual—her convulsions were strong—a cold sweat ran down her face, and the roses in her cheeks were turned to lilies—at length appeared symptoms of restoration—her heart began to palpitate, and her pulse to beat; soon after she opened her eye-lids, which were like the eye-lids of a dewy morning—she looked around her, disconsolate as a dove that had newly lost her mate—her hands she extended towards the *Mercy-seat* of the MOST HIGH, and

M

after

after venting a few sighs which seemed to give her relief, she poured out the sentiments of her soul in these expressions, "Father of all Consolations! why hast Thou given me this cup of bitterness to drink?—Why hath thy merciful hand plunged me in a sea of woe?—Why hast Thou suddenly taken from me the delight of my eyes, and at one stroke rendered my children fatherless, and made thy servant a desolate widow? Thou hast enlarged the sorrows of my heart, and yet Thou art a BEING of *tender mercies and great compassion.*"

" As the day of my trial is, so let my strength be, that I may not faint in the time of adversity! Permit me, Oh! heavenly Father! to *express* the trouble of my soul, but suffer me not to *repine*! Shall I receive good at thine hand, and yet *murmer* when afflictive evils befall me? No—let thy *Grace* forbid, and prevent any inclination in my heart to *complain*, or judge hard of

of Thee! Teach me to refrain from inordinate sorrow, and may I remember that "Tears do but ill on graves—they make the lodging colder"—Peace to my spirit, and happiness to my FIDELIO's tender offspring! Prepare us all to follow him in the path of Death, for we must "*go to him, but he shall not return to us!*"

AFTER this manner did AMARISSA piously pour out the fighings of her soul, and then retired to her closet. In the evening the corpse of her beloved FIDELIO was brought to his late habitation, and "the place which once knew him, knows him now no more." The body of the deceased was lodged in an apartment, at that extremity of the house which was farthest from AMARISSA's bed-chamber; a Physician and Apothecary attended in the family until morning, in case of her relapsing into convulsions, but her fits did not return, and she rested quietly throughout the night, save that at intervals her sleep

was interrupted by profound involuntary sighs.

IN the morning a messenger was dispatched to FIDELIO's father, and another to the parents of AMARISSA, with the mournful intelligence of his death. It is impossible to draw the picture of their distress, on receiving such alarming news. They hastened immediately to the habitation of the sorrowful widow, who was beautiful in tears.

AFTER notice of their arrival, AMARISSA prepared to receive them with resolved fortitude, but at the first interview her resolution failed her, she sunk into the arms of her sympathizing parents, for "*Mortality weighed her down.*" When the emotions of their mutual grief had in some measure subsided, the father of FIDELIO with a tenderness truly paternal, thus addressed himself to AMARISSA; "*Bereaved Daughter! Daughter bereaved*

ed

ed of a faithful Husband! attend to the broken sentences of a Father, bereaved of a dutiful Son! Yesterday the stream of our earthly comforts ran clear and full—to-day it is fullied and almost dried up—thus the sky that in the morning is bright and azure, before night becomes overcast with gloomy clouds—our Hopes are withered like the Gourd of a night, and our Prospects of Pleasure are passed away suddenly as a Shadow—our Expectations of Happiness were founded on a shifting Basis, therefore it is not wonderful that the visionary Superstructure is so soon fallen.”

“ I perceive the tears of Sorrow steal silently down thy cheeks—in thy circumstances they are not reprehensible—they are evidences of a melting heart, and will be recorded and remembered in Heaven—I weep with thee—but let us neither be sorry as those who have no hope concerning them that are departed hence in the *true faith and fear* of our ALMIGHTY FATHER!”

“ TURN

“ TURN up thine eyes with confidence and hope, to that accessible *Throne of Grace*, where

“ MERCY and TRUTH, like two kind ANGELS meet,

“ And kiss beneath the RECONCILER’s feet.

At the foot of the *Mercy-Seat* is opened a fountain of Consolation, whose waters have a divine quality to prevent or remove *Desjection of Spirit*, and to heal the *Heart* that is *wounded with Sorrow*. Apply to the GREAT RESTORER, who “ binds up the broken heart, and comforts those that mourn,” and he will give thee of *that water* to refresh, to revive and to rejoice thy soul! ”

“ AND you the sympathizing Parents of my beloved AMARISSA, stretch out your arms to protect and support your afflicted Daughter in her widowed state! Let all your Looks, your Words and Actions towards her and her fatherless children, be Tenderness and Love! For you, for her, and

and for her innocent babes, my heart overflows with fond affection—I commit you all to the watchful Eye, and to the defending Arm of that GOD, who maketh *the widow's heart to sing for joy, and in whom the fatherless find mercy!*”

AFTER this pious fort did the father of FIDELIO endeavour to console the surviving relatives of the deceased; they heard him with all attention; to them “his lips dropt Manna,” and a beam of Joy began to dawn upon their minds.

PREPARATIONS were now making for the funeral of FIDELIO, which it was intended to conduct with decency and decorum, in a manner suitable to his late station in life, but devoid of ostentation, for his Relatives were averse to “pomp in earthing up a corpse.”

IN the interval of his Decease and Burial, a mournful solemnity prevailed throughout

out the family; the mortal remains of FIDELIO, at a proper time, were conveyed to the village where his father had lately taken a residence, and interred in a spacious vault; the respective father of AMARISSA and of FIDELIO, with a few domestics, attended the funeral, which was solemnized devoutly, and the genuine grief of the parental survivors, made a deeper impression on the minds of the auditory, than could have been effected by the appearance of a thousand Mutes, the vanity of fluttering Escutcheons, and the nodding of sable Plumes.

ON their return to "the House of Mourning," they found AMARISSA penitive, but not repining; sorrowful but not desponding; her demeanour was consistent with the *Affection* which she bore to her late *Husband*, and with the submissive *Reserence* she owed to GOD.

SOON after the funeral rites had been solemnized,

lemnized, AMARISSA retired with her two children to a sequestered villa in *Kent* —not to brood over her afflictions, but to sooth and mitigate them by cultivating a sacred fellowship with her **CREATOR** and **REDEEMER**.

THE mercantile business, in which FIDELIO had been engaged, was now disposed of, and produced an ample support for the widow and her little offspring; the gloom which DEATH had cast over her mind was gradually dispelled, and the morning of cheerfulness began to dawn upon her soul, so that she experienced (though but for a short time) that happiness may succeed to mourning.

How fleeting the moments of terrestrial Joy ! how suddenly is the opening day of Comfort beclouded, and overspread with the darkness of Sorrow !

Such was the painful vicissitude in the  
N scenes

scenes of AMARISSA's life, that her afflictive trials multiplied apace, and she felt the force of them with mournful tenderness.

IN less than half a year after her rural retirement, she received the distressful news of the death of her own parents, which was soon followed with an account of the departure of FIDELIO's father "from the miseries of this sinful world."

OH ! SIN ! what calamities hast thou created ! OH ! DEATH ! what havoc dost thou make among the children of men ! Thine arrows are shot abroad without number, and slay without distinction—no artifice can evade, no armour can resist their power. How dejecting the thought, that thy merciless hand *Oh ! Death !* cuts asunder the dearest bonds of Nature, and leaves the living to sigh and weep !

*Dejecting the thought beyond description,  
beyond*

beyond hope and remedy, did we not know  
" that the REDEEMER liveth, and that  
he shall stand in the latter day upon the  
earth "—“that HE is the resurrection  
and the life,” and that HE will raise up  
the dead at his second coming!

“RESURRECTION! That cheering word  
eases my mind of an anxious thought, and  
solves a most momentous question. I was  
going to ask, “Wherefore do all these  
corpses lie here in that abject condition? Is  
this the final state? Hath death conquered,  
and will the tyrant hold captivity captive?  
How long wilt thou forget them, O  
LORD? For ever?”—No, saith the  
voice from heaven, the word of Divine re-  
velation, *the righteous are all prisoners of  
hope.* There is an hour (an awful secret  
that, and known only to all-foreseeing  
Wisdom) an appointed hour there is, when  
an Act of Grace will pass the great Seal  
above, and give them an universal dis-  
charge; a general delivery from the abodes

of Corruption. Then shall the LORD JESUS descend from heaven, with the shout of the archangel, and the trump of God. *Destruction* itself shall hear his call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her dead."

*Harvey's Med. among the Tombs.*

WHEN this august, this important and decisive event shall take place, "Time will be no longer," and the orbit which "once knew" the revolution of this material globe, ("speck of Creation") will "know it no more." Then must the KING of TERRORS resign all his conquests, be dethroned and be destroyed, so that "there will be no more death;"—then shall all the prisoners in the dark cells of corruption be released, and "the sea give up the dead that are in it."

FROM these religious reflections—on the desolations which Death is daily making —on the vanity of terrene objects—on the variableness of human connections—  
on

on the uncertainty of life and its fading joys, let us return to the pitiable

## TALE OF AMARISSA.

REPEATED afflictions had weaned her heart from the things of this world, and she could find no objects beneath the sky, worthy to detain her affection, save her *fatherless children*—she hung over these with a “dear Delight”—she watched for their welfare with a maternal care—morning and evening she remembered them at the footstool of the throne of grace, and there committed them to the custody of their ALMIGHTY FATHER.

CHARLES and his sister CHARLOTTE grew up, like tender plants, under the benign influences of heaven, and the unwea-ried culture of their indulgent Mother; so far as their age and knowledge would admit, they endeavoured to recompence her solicitude for their safety and happiness, by obedience

obedience and a constant study to please their fond parent.

THE children had now entered into the eighth year of their age, when the seeds of Virtue and Erudition (which had been early sown in their minds) began to vegetate, and afforded the prospect of a plentiful production. As these lovely twins grew daily more and more amiable, so their mother's grief proportionately wore away.

HER sorrow for the loss of FIDELIO, was now almost absorbed in the pleasure she received from the charming and modest behaviour of her children, and she was almost tempted to believe, that the distressful hours of her life were all elapsed—but so uncertain are the events of time, and so short-sighted are mortal creatures, that they “know not what will be on the morrow.” AMARISSA had painful experience of *that truth*—her moments of affliction were not all passed by, nor will they utterly

terly cease among mankind, but with life.

## THE CATASTROPHE,

which is related in the ensuing pages, fully confirm the veracity of the sacred penman's words (afore quoted) that "*We know not what a day will bring forth.*"

ON the 19th of *August*—“the wings of the morning” were covered with celestial Azure, and “the sun rolled his chariot” in the highest splendor, not a cloud overcast the sky, and the taper branches of the tallest trees but gently waved.

TOWARD the evening of *that day*, CHARLES and CHARLOTTE (by the permission of their Mamma) took a walk into the neighbouring fields and meadows, to refresh and amuse themselves with Nature's variegated beauties. Their innocent prattle, and the enchantment of the scenes a-round

round had so beguiled their footsteps, that they wandered much farther from home than they expected, or indeed than they intended at their first setting out.

CHARLES busied himself in gathering a collection of the finest and sweetest flowers that Nature produced, and gave them to his sister CHARLOTTE, who disposed them into a beautiful nosegay, and this, said she, "I will present to our Mamma when we return home."

THE notes of the feathered choristers highly delighted the little rovers, whose wandering amusement had not left them one thought of returning. On a sudden and unexpected, the bright Luminary of Day (which had before shone with unremitting lustre) became obscured—the heavens grew black with intervening clouds, and the dreadful roaring of the wind through the tops of the lofty trees foreboded an approaching storm.

THE

THE lovely pair, whose tender minds were now alarmed, thought of bending their steps homewards; fear gave speed to their flight, but in their hasty precipitation they mistook the right path—their nimble feet, instead of carrying them home, scarcely gained a yard of the desired mansion; they were indeed, unknowingly going from the place of their abode; but soon discovered their error, and retreated.

At the instant of returning, a tremendous clap of thunder rolled over their heads, and both stood appalled—“some natural tears they dropt, *nor* wipt them soon”—poor CHARLOTTE, affrighted beyond description, would have sunk to the earth, had not her fond brother caught her in his arms, and supported her from falling; by language, soft as the down of swans, and tender as a mother’s love (rarely heard from such youthful lips) he endeavoured to soothe the anguish of her soul.

THE clouds now began to pour forth their stores in a deluge of rain; the vivid lightning, contrasted by the darkness of the element, shone with a terrible lustre, and was quickly succeeded by awful and tremendous claps of thunder; during the violence of the tempest, CHARLES, with a manly fortitude, and solicitous care for her safety, supported his trembling sister, and in the mean time smothered those alarms, which arose in his own bosom at their distressful situation.

IN the moment of apprehended danger, and in the midst of surrounding calamities, how often does *Providence* administer succour, and "open a way to escape!" How frequently do the wandering and weather-beaten, experience the truth, which is recorded in the holy prophecy of *Isaiah*, that GOD is a "hiding place from the wind, and a refuge from the storm!" — In the instant of their greatest distress, CHARLES discovered, by the direction of the guardian-hand

hand of Heaven, a small thatched cottage beneath some spreading trees, whose leaves were weeping rain.

He immediately communicated the glad-some discovery to his sister, saying in a rapture of joy, " See ! see CHARLOTTE ! see that cottage among yonder trees ! thither let us hasten, and beg of the inhabitants (if any be now resident there) to afford us shelter from this threatening storm." CHARLOTTE (something revived by her brother's words, but more by the prospect of security) leaned on the arm of her kind conductor, and by his assistance soon reached the threshold of the cot.

ON entering this little sanctuary, how were they surprised, agreeably surprised, to see the face of one whom they knew, even a laborer in the service of their Mamma ! Poor William, (for that was the name by which they had been used familiarly to call him) was equally surprised to see the chil-

dren of his mistress and benefactress, so far from their home, in such distressful weather.

THE good old Man stood a few moments in silent astonishment, then turned himself round, and dropped some tears of Joy. He was unable to express the secret and sincere pleasure which glowed in his heart, at the sight of these little pilgrims now safely houſed under his lowly, but hospitable roof: *Poor William's* aged partner shared in his joy, and with a maternal tenderness and care, pulled off their garments, wet with the water of heaven, covered them with homely, but clean apparel, while she dried their own, and gave them nutriment to raise their fallen spirits, and refresh their wearied bodies.

LET us, for the present, leave CHARLES and his sister CHARLOTTE, sheltered in the fequestered abode of TENDERNESS and HONESTY, and visit the mansion of AMARISSA,

RISSA, which presented a different scene of distress. The fond mother of the lovely wanderers, saw the gathering storm, she was alarmed, prayed and sighed for the safety of her tender offspring; a servant was dispatched in quest of the children, and not knowing which path they had taken, went a different way, searched every field, and enquired after them of all he met, but without success; other servants were sent forth, yet none returned with the glad tidings, of having found, or heard of the *little Ones*.

THE storm advanced with amazing fury, the wind blew with unremitting violence, the lightning glanced from the gloomy clouds with dreadful flashes, and the thunder rolled in long and frightful peals.

READER! imagine (if thou canst) what must be the feelings of a mother, a widowed mother, who justly supposed her beloved twins were at that instant, exposed to the inclemency of the warring elements! What

anxiety

anxiety must now torment her breast ! What painful thoughts must distract her mind ! What fearful forebodings must agitate her heart ! Not a possible Evil can befall them, but she paints to herself in the darkest colours—her busy fancy represents them in a thousand wretched forms—now she supposes them crying out for help, but all in vain ; wringing their hands in all the terror that can affect juvenile and unfortified minds—the next moment *Imagination* presents to her view the innocent pair struck dead with lightning, and close lock'd in one another's arms—those who are mothers may conceive what distress AMARISSA felt—those who are not, can form but a very imperfect idea of her sorrows—her wretchedness was highly increased by thinking that her “ children must be wretched.”

IN the apprehension of Evil and Mischief befalling us, or any of our dear descendants, FAITH and FANCY have most different effects—the former disposeth the soul to *Resignation*

*Resignation*, and a patient waiting "for the *Salvation of GOD*"——the latter distractis the mind with chimerical notions, and  
and wait of nobilis sit lo amissi libidinosa  
"Presents a medley of disjointed things;"

she beholds every circumstance in the worst light; looks only on the dark side of the cloud, nor once thinks

"That dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring

~~beauty none.~~" *metaphys. sit lo amissi libidinosa*

*BUNYAN.*

AMARISSA, in her almost frantic anxiety for the welfare of her precious offspring, recollects the mournful tale of the *Children in the Wood*, and fancied that the *Robin-redbreast* was covering hers with leaves——if on this occasion her fearful thoughts were *too many*, and the flowing of her tears *excessive*, the FATHER OF ALL will vouchsafe her *forgiveness*, and the merciful *REDEEMER* (who once wept ~~delibitibus suorum adhuc~~ *over* *me*)

over *Jerusalem* will remember and reward her tenderness *hereafter*—HE did not forget to recompence it *here*, by the providential return of the children to her bosom and her blessing.

AFTER the storm was blown over, the servants were dispatched different ways in search of the supposed “*lost sheep*”; in the mean time *Poor William*, having first dried the garments of the children, conducted them back to the habitation of their affectionate parent. Their mother with joy “*past utterance*,” beheld them coming homeward, as she was looking out at a window in hope of discovering them; she ran to meet them with maternal delight—she received them at the hands of the *Good Old Man*, with tears of Gratitude to Heaven flowing down her cheeks.

WILLIAM was received and entertained at the house of AMARISSA, with that kindness of which the proud and childless can

can form no adequate idea——she beheld him with an eye of gratitude; as being an instrument in the hand of Providence of restoring her children, and renewing her parental comfort. To compare great things with small, the pleasure she felt on the return of CHARLES and CHARLOTTE was (if imagination soars not too high) somewhat like the joy of Angels in Heaven “over one sinner that repenteth.”

AMARISSA retired, with the pretty wanderers to her closet, and there bowed her knees before the *Father of Mercies*; and in strains of undescribed devotion, poured out her soul in thankfulness and praise to that beneficent *Being*, who in the hour of danger had kept her offspring, “as the apple of his eye.” We may suppose that the most grateful sentiments warmed her bosom, and that tears of benediction watered her cheeks.

WHEN her devotional converse with  
P GOD

GOD was then closed, she joined the family to mingle her joy with theirs—the voice of sober melody was heard in every apartment, and the neighbouring cottages participated the pleasure; at the approach of night honest WILLIAM returned to his quiet home; “the moon *seemed* to walk *in* *uncommon* brightness;” and the stars twinkled, as it were, for joy that the peace of AMARISSA was restored. WILLIAM was rewarded for his care of her children, not with the supercilious look of *Pride*, not with the *Pittance* of a niggardly hand, but with the *Liberality* of a bountiful heart.

FROM the foregoing story of AMARISSA, her *Parents*, her *Husband*, and her *Children*, the pious and thoughtful mind will be led to reflect on the vicissitudes in human life. A succession of pain and pleasure, of calmness and anxiety, of hope and despondency, is the usual inheritance that “flesh is heir to”—the changes in this mortal scene are more numerous than those in

in the elementary system; clouds, tempest and darkness oftentimes hang over our heads, and spread terror and intimidation all around; the clouds are dispersed, the tempest is silent, and the darkness exchanged for solar lustre; then ceaseth the terror, and the intimidation vanisheth, which those awful appearances had occasioned.

EVERY earthly object is liable to change; *instability* is engraven on all things below the sky, and whatsoever is *visible* may deceive and must decay; but *invisibilia non decipiunt*\*. The truth of such observations had deeply impressed the mind of AMA-

\* *Invisibilia non decipiunt* is the expressive motto which the eminent DR. YOUNG, Author of the *Night-Thoughts*, &c. had inscribed on some plain boards, erected on a rising bank, beyond a river which flowed behind his house, at *Welwyn* in *Hertfordshire*; these boards by deceptive painting, resembled at a distant view a beautiful alcove, and by the motto the DR. designed to intimate—that *Things visible deceive*.

RISSA, who had been divinely taught to improve seasons prosperous or adverse, and she had learned to say submissively, "Shall we receive *good* at the hand of the LORD, and shall we not receive *evil* also?"

ON retiring to the apartment where she kept up a secret intercourse with Heaven, her soul was elevated in contemplation above the vanities and vicissitudes of this mortal life——she sedately reflected on the *pleasant* and *painful* mutabilities, which she had alternately experienced; she recollect-  
ed her former *joyful intervals with gratitude* towards *GOD*, and recalled to mind her *mournful scenes without a murmur against Providence*——her reflections were suitable to the devoutness of her heart, and let us suppose that she was now seriously uttering her thoughts in such language, as follows:

"O! thou Omnipotent and Compassionate BEING, "who dost from thy throne behold

behold all the dwellers upon earth,"" teach me submission to thy Will and acquiescence in all thy various dispensations! My afflictions have been great and many, but thy Mercies to me have been more, and thy Supports greater. When I reflect that DEATH, by thy permission, hath deprived me of a Father, a Mother, and a Husband, I shed the tears of sorrow without repining—when I consider that THOU hast succoured the earthly objects of my Delight, under the shadow of thy wings, until the indignant Tempest was overpast, mine eyes are moistened with the lachrymal dew of joy—THOU hast preserved and restored them safely to my embraces; and I desire, with unshaken confidence in thy paternal Love, to commit them into thy hands at all times and in all their ways."

"May THY Thunders awaken us from the *Sleep of Sin*, to the active *Duties of Righteousness*! Let THY Lightnings illuminate our paths to the *Regions of everlasting Day*, and

110 THE TEMPEST.

and let the *Storms* which attend our voyage through the unsettled *Sea of Life*, be the means of conveying us sooner to the haven of undisturbed Security,

“ Where not a wave of Trouble rolls,  
“ Across the peaceful breast.”

WATTS.

“ Do THOU, O! *unchangeable JEHOVAH!* govern, guard and guide us amidst all the fluctuations of this tumultuous world; THOU *continuest ever the same*, but our mortal state varies

“ From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.”

MILTON.

WE now leave AMARISSA to the safe protection of Providence, and to the participation of that calm *Delight*, which a pious bosom feels in retirement from the noise and faction, from the dissipation and follies of a restless and giddy world——We leave her

her to the inexpressible *Pleasure* which arises from a view of her tender offspring, "growing up as plants of righteousness and renown"—We leave her to taste the *Consolations* which flow from the "testimony of a good Conscience," even in the deepest Solitude and the darkest Seasons.

WE now return to the elementary changes and tumults of this sublunary system. The most alarming and destructive convulsions, springing from *natural causes*, are *Earthquakes*; by these large Cities, with multitudes of their Inhabitants, have been suddenly swallowed up, as were those of *Lisbon* and *Lima*. Sometimes they bear the tokens of GOD's displeasure against a people loaded with an enormity of Guilt, and convey thousands out of life in promiscuous ruin.

I felt, and remember the shocks of two *Earthquakes* in *London* about the year 1748, and recollect a striking passage which the

*Bishop*

*Bishop of that Diocese* (I think *Dr. Gibson*) mentioned in his Charge to the Clergy, occasioned by the aforesaid two awful Events. After expatiating on the solemnity of such terrifying scenes, and noting the general profligacy of manners which prevailed among its inhabitants, said, "A city without *Religion* is an unsafe place to dwell in."

Affecting truth!

FROM a reflection on these tremendous phenomenas in the material world, a sedate mind is incited to view (by anticipation) the convulsions of this globe at the consummation of all things, resembling

"The groans of Nature when she breaths her last."

YOUNG.

Then this

—“ earth shall to her centre shake; ”

a universal trepidation take place—the mountains

mountains be torn up by their roots, and the rocks be removed from their foundations—then shall the sea leave dry its unathom'd beds, the graves be opened, and give up the dead which have slept in them for ages past—the winds blow from the four quarters of heaven, with irresistible violence, and with a noise unequalled—the sun be extinguished in utter darkness, the stars fall from their orbits, and the moon forget to shine.

The *Thunder* shall burst from the clouds, with a sound that will reach from pole to pole, and the vivid *Lightning* make the aerial element appear like a globe on fire. *Every thing terrible*, which the convulsive operations of nature can now produce, or the most lively imagination paint, will be comparatively less to the *horrors* of Time's concluding day, than the *glowing* of the feeble *worm* is less in *lustre* to the brightness of the meridian *Sun*.

LET us return from treading the trembling ground, and take an imaginary ascent to the summit of the snowy *Alps*, and from thence reconnoitre the two stupendous Furnaces of nature, *Etna*\* and *Vesuvius*†, which cast up flames and smoke and burning cinders. History informs us that at certain seasons in the year, the tops and sides of these fiery mountains are covered with the greenest pasture, and the vallies beneath fertilized to exceeding abundance, by the *Lava* that pours down upon them—thus good is produced from apparent evil.

SUPPOSE *Darkness* to have spread her mantle under the canopy of heaven, and hid

\* *Etna*, a mount in *Sicily*, which burns and throws out flames and ashes, and sometimes great stones into the adjacent country; yet the plains and vallies about it are very fruitful and verdant, and the mount itself, notwithstanding its continual fire, hath snow on the top of it.

*Sil. Claud.*

† *Vesuvius*, a burning mountain in *Italy*, eight miles from *Naples*.

hid from human view the silver moon and every starry lamp—suppose then in such a midnight-scene, that these mountainous prodigies should emit their combustible contents, in columns of burning fulpher and bitumen—that the liquid fire should roll into the surrounding plains, like a rapid stream, and from thence spread itself (as hath been the case) into the *Mediterranean* Sea—With what astonishment must such a flaming prospect strike the beholder's mind! He would stand fixed and mute, as the Statuary's marble—if he had the power of reflection amidst these burning terrors, he would say within himself, “Surely, this scene is next in horror to the deep abyss! No man can view these awful productions of nature, and be an **INFIDEL**—let the daring **ATHEIST** be a spectator of this frightful phenomenon, and he will not (while here) say in his heart, “There is no **GOD**

WE now revisit the *Ocean* to view it

from some exalted promontary, and take a survey thereof when its surface is smooth as a "molten looking glass;" and also to cast an eye over it when agitated to the highest degree, and its foaming billows aspire to the clouds.

SUPPOSE we take our station on the *Three Charles'*, a remarkable lofty cliff in the County of *Suffex*, and from thence look down on the fluid element that flows through the *British* Channel. We imagine the sun rising in eastern glory—not a cloud to intercept its rays or obscure its brightness—not a breeze to wrinkle the face of the crystalline Deep, nor move a leaf on the light hung Aspen.

VIEW the golden God of Day, shining on the expanded sails of *Britain's* naval bulwarks, and on the spreading canvas of her ships, laden with treasure from both the *Indies*—behold the splendor of the brilliant *Phæbus* reflected from the polished rocks

rocks with unusual lustre—See the valleys below covered with flocks, the meadows decorated with flowers, and the fields overspread with corn.

NATURE was arrayed in her finest robes, with a countenance blushing as the rose, and sweet as “the meek ey’d morn” all was cheerful and serene around; the Hinds whistled away the tediousness of their labor, and the ruddy milk-maid set her head against the cow, and sung—the apprehension of a TEMPEST was far distant from their thoughts—but, alas! what sudden changes, what painful fluctuation in all things terrestrial! how soon is the brightest day of prosperity overshadowed by the dark ascending clouds of adversity.

THE waters of the channel began first to curl, by the breathings of a gentle gale; and afterwards the waves swell’d and foam’d through the violence of the increasing wind, which blew from that quarter of the compass

which

which gave it the ancient name of *Euroclydon*.\* A few fleecy clouds lifted up their heads, like Pyramids, above the south western horizon, yet no storm seemed nigh; the day was drawing towards a close, and the weary workmen were preparing for a return to their solitary cottages;

“ With joy these swains, their daily labor done,  
“ View’d the broad shadows and the setting sun.”

AT a far distance is now seen the lightning vibrate, but the thunder’s sound is scarcely heard; in a short time the wind became tempestuous, and the clouds bore an angry aspect—the flashes of Lightning became more vivid and quicker in succession—the peals of Thunder rolled through the element with tremendous noise, and the full-charged clouds poured down their rain, like the waters of a cascade, or the rapid

*Falls*

\* *Vide*: the account of PAUL’s shipwreck in his passage to *Rome*, recorded in the apostolic Acts, c. 27, v. 14.

*Falls of Niagara*—hail-stones of uncommon bulk and shape mingled in the STORM, and created a general terror; between the short intervals of the Lightning's blaze, the earth was overspread with Darkness, which was greatly augmented by a total lunar E-clipse.

A universal tremor prevailed; the stout-hearted lost their strength, and the profess'd *Atheist* was for awhile turned into the *Scepticism* of PYRRO.—Now “the ocean swells with tremendous commotions. The ponderous waves are heaved from their capacious bed, and almost lay bare the unfathomable deep. Flung into the most rapid agitation, they sweep over the rocks, they lash the lofty cliffs and toss themselves into the clouds. Navies are rent from their anchors; and, with all their enormous load, are whirled, swift as the arrow, wild as the wind, along the vast abyfs.—Now, they climb the rolling mountain; they plow the frightful ridge; and seem to skim the skies.

Anon.

Anon, they plunge into the opening gulf; they lose the sight of day; and are lost themselves to every eye. How vain is the pilot's art! How impotent the mariner's strength! They reel to and fro, and stagger in the jarring hold; or cling to the cordage, while bursting seas foam over the deck. *Despair* is in every face, and *death* fits threatening on every surge.—But why, O ye astonished mariners, why should you abandon yourselves to despair? Is the LORD's hand *shortened*, because the waves of the sea rage horribly? Is his ear *deafened*, by the roaring thunders, and the bellowing tempest? Cry, Cry unto HIM, who “holdeth the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand.” HE is all-gracious to hear; and almighty, to save. If he commands, the storm shall be hushed to silence: the billows shall subside into a calm: the lightnings shall lay their fiery bolts aside: and instead of sinking in a watery grave, you shall find yourselves brought to the desired haven.”

HERVEY's *Winter-Piece.*

THE

THE flashes of Lightning shone from every quarter, without intermission; the scene was awful beyond expression, and might, perhaps, in a faint degree represent the fiery convulsions at the consummation of this terrestrial globe. From such flaming elementary perturbations, even the most giddy and dissipated mind would *then* conclude, that there is a “LORD GOD omnipotent who reigneth over all.”

WE suppose the electrical fire to strike the highest edifices, and consume the work of ancient Ages; nor is the supposition the mere effluvium of fancy, but proved *reasonable* by melancholy facts\*. Hail-stones

R are

\* Tunbridge-Wells, October 22d, 1791. About half past 11 in the morning, we had a most awful clap of thunder; in a few minutes after, we perceived from Mount Ephraim, the parish church of Speldhurst to be on fire. Two men saw the ball enter about the centre of the shingled part of that beautiful Steeple, and almost instantly smoke issued from the top, and flames succeeded—very soon

are frequently discharged from the condensed clouds, like grape-shot from the mouth of a swivel; this was the case in many places, during the storms in *October, 1791*, where great devastation was created\*.

## THE

soon the heavy rain and hail ceased—the high wind drove the flames from the steeple direfully on the church, and continued blowing, without rain, the whole afternoon. In about four hours this most ancient and beautiful church was reduced to a heap of ruins. The bells were melted—the monuments (one of which was very antique, belonging to the family of WALLER, the celebrated Poet, and was a most curious piece of workmanship in marble) were crumbled to dust. What is very extraordinary, the font entire was turned upside down.

At the same time, about three miles distant from the church, fell a storm of hail, or rather pieces of ice, it lasted near ten minutes with the greatest violence; the pieces of ice were in all shapes, many of which were six inches long, and the round stones about the size of marbles. *Raynham* church, in *Kent*, was greatly damaged by Lightning, the same day as the Church of *Speldhurst* was demolished.

\* At *Ashburnham-place* in the County of *Suffex*, glass was

THE ensuing morning exhibited a view of wrecked vessels floating on the waters, and dead bodies scattered on the briny beach\*—some few of our hardy Tars were seen climbing up the cliffs, and others found sheltered in the caverns of stupendous rocks. By such solemn dispensations of Providence, mothers have suddenly been bereaved of their children, wives of their husbands, and sisters of their brothers. Hence is seen,

R 2

that

was broken to the amount of forty pounds. Mr. KING, of Beckley in the said County, had broken about his house, upwards of four hundred panes of glass. At Balkham, where the storm was not more than two minutes continuance, the Rev. Mr. CHATFIELD had nearly three hundred squares of glass smashed to pieces. In Mr. CHATFIELD's garden, the fruit on two *nonpareil*-trees was totally destroyed by the hail-stones, some of the apples being split into many parts, and others indented in a very extraordinary manner: some of the hail-stones which fell at this place, measured in circumference upwards of four inches.

\* As off Calais, on the Goodwin Sands, at Lymington creek, and divers other places bordering on the British Channel.

that the tenderest connections in human life are fluctuating as the waves, and broken a-sunder in a moment like a slender thread.

We *feel* the Storms in our northern hemisphere with *terror*, we *view* their effects with *affrighted wonder*, and *read* the narration of them with *sympathetic pain*; yet TEMPEST's in this climate are but a small remove from CALMS, when compared with those TORNADOES to which Navigators have been trembling witnesses, when they doubled CAPE HORN in their passage into the *Great South Sea*. A singular account of these dreadful HURRICANES, is recorded in the History of Commodore ANSON's voyage, from the straits of Magellan to the island of Juan Fernandez.

HAVING thus considered the Storms and Hurricanes, which are most commonly the attendants of the Summer Months, I shall now take a short Survey of rigid Winter, and select a scene or two, which may not

not altogether be unacceptable to the Reader.

SUPPOSE the Day partly Clouds and a-  
zure; at length the whole atmosphere is  
cloathed with darkness; the *snow* descends  
in thin and scattered fleaks, but soon  
thickens to that wide degree which the  
*Psalmit* intimates when he writes of GOD,  
that "he giveth *snow* like wool" — "Now  
the winds cease. Having brought their  
load, they are dismissed from service.  
They have wafted an immence cargo of  
clouds, which empty themselves in *snow*.  
At first, a few scattered shreds come wan-  
dering down the faddened sky. This flight  
skirmish is succeeded by a general onset.  
The flakes large and numerous, and thick  
wavering, descend. They dim the air, and  
hasten the approach of night. Through all  
the night, in softest silence, and with a con-  
tinual flow, this fleecy shower falls. In  
the morning, when we awake, what a sur-  
prising change appears! — Is this the same  
world?

world? here is no diversity of colour! I can hardly distinguish the trees, from the hills on which they grow. Which are the meadows, and which the plains? where are the green pastures, and where the fallow lands? all things lie blended in bright confusion. So bright, that it heightens the splendor of day, and even dazzle the organs of sight.—The lawn is not so fair, as this snowy mantle, which invests the fields; and were the lily to appear, it would look tarnished in it's presence. I can think of but *one* thing, which *excels* or equals the glittering robe of winter. Is any person desirous to know my meaning? he may find it explained in that admirable hymn\*, composed by the royal penitent. Is any desirous to possess this matchless ornament? he will find it offered to his acceptance, in every page of the gospel.”

“ SEE!

\* “ Can any thing be whiter than snow? Yes, saith David; if GOD be pleased to wash me from my sins in the blood of CHRIST, *I shall be even whiter than snow.*”  
Psal. li. 7.

“SEE! (for the eye cannot satisfy itself, without viewing again and again the curious, the delicate scene) See! how the hedges are habited like spotless vestals! The houses are roofed with uniformity and lustre. The meadows are covered with a carpet of the finest ermine. The groves bow, beneath the lovely burden: and all, all below, is one wide, immence, shining waste of white.—By deep snows, and heavy rains, GOD *sealeth up the hand of every man*. And for this purpose, adds our sacred philosopher, *that all men may know his work* \*. He confines them within their doors, and puts a stop to their secular business; that they may consider the things, which belong to their spiritual welfare. That, having a vacation from their ordinary employ, they may observe the works of his power, and become acquainted with the mysteries of his grace.”

HARVEY’s *Winter-Piece.*

SNOW!

\* Job xxxvii. 7.

SNOW! thou sparkling emblem of all that in human life can be called INNOCENCE! Deceitful resemblance! thy whiteness, instead of recommending the fairest virtues, discovers every foible—

“The smallest speck is seen on *Snow*. ”

The bosom, which rivals superficially thy *candid hue*, may at the same time be *cold as thy glittering surface*—hence it is evident, that no certain judgement can be formed from external appearances.

THE *Snow*, when frozen, is beautiful in lustre; while it dazzles on the eye, it weakens the vision—such is the nature of the most beautiful earthly objects—the more forcibly they impress the senses at first, the sooner will they become disgusting. Whoever is charmed with the robes, with which the *Snow* covers the earth and trees, should admire the *Wisdom* of the GREAT CREATOR; and yet at the same time remember,

ber, that *these Robes of Whiteness* which so captivate the eye, will suddenly dissolve in the hand. Thus may we say of our worldly delights, that *they are as snow, and when it is trodden upon it melts and cannot be restored*

“ Like fleeks

“ Of feathered Snow, they melted as they fell.”

AFTER the Snow had overspread the ground awhile with a thick covering, the rain descended as in a torrent. The face of nature was changed, from a kind of earthly *milky way*, to a scene of inundation and terror.

The NIGHT approached with a kind of Egyptian darkness, and waved her sable ensign over the earth. Suddenly the Wind veered from the north east, to the south west quarter, and the clouds which a little before were surcharged with snow, now poured down torrents of rain, which produced a temporary deluge; the rivers were quickly filled with water, their banks were over-

flowed or broken down, and the returning morn exhibited a view of desolation and death. The low lands appeared like a spacious sea; many cattle were seen floating on the surface, and some few had escaped the desolation, by retreating to the adjacent hills.

SUCH a Tempest hath its peculiarities, and some of them are feelingly described by Mr. Thomson in his *SEASONS*; the language of that Poet is most descriptive and affecting, and I hope my readers will be pleased with every quotation from that Author, as I propose to conclude this little Essay with citing great part of his very beautiful HYMN. Some of the singularities attendant on a Storm of rain, He thus describes,

---

“ In rueful gaze  
 “ The cattle stand, and on the scowling heav’ns  
 “ Cast a deplored eye; by Man forsook,  
 “ Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 “ Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.”

THE

THE thatch'd and lowly huts of the villagers are swept away by the torrents, and many of their inhabitants buried in a watery grave; how awful are the devastations which the raging elements make on this little spot of earth! multitudes fall promiscuously in the general ruin, without discernible respect to age or character, yet not with equal guilt and terror;

“ GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,  
 “ And yet not always on the guilty head  
 “ Descends the fated flash.”

THOMSON's *Summer*.

To the desolating inundation succeeded the severity of *Frost*; the extensive liquid element was, in a few days and nights, hardened into *Ice*; the wide-expanded surface became solid as marble, and reflected the solar rays with a transient glittering lustre — the labor of man ceased from home, and the active swains skated over the polished plain, swift as the feathered arrow. *Old*

*Thames* is bound in frozen fetters, and his bosom that had been pressed with the wealth of every mercantile nation, now sustains a mart of toys; the roasted ox smokes, and the wheeling coach rattles over his icy face. Every season and vicissitude in it hath its usefulness; even hoary *Winter* animates the blood, refines the spirits, braces the nerves, and, to spread a beauty round, "gavewinkles in the waving gleam."

AND now O! PARENT of all GOOD! by thy most *solemn* and *wonderful* operations, may we be taught a holy fear and devout admiration of THEE! May we not disdain to learn religious Wisdom of the untutored *Indian*, who

"Sees GOD in clouds or hears him in the wind."

POPE.

May thy THUNDERS awaken the stupid and thoughtless to a serious conviction of their sins and follies! Let thy LIGHTNINGs if they strike us dead, be as flaming chariots

to

to convey our souls to those blessed regions,  
where all is LIGHT! May the STORMS  
and TEMPESTS of this unsettled state, blow  
off our attachment from earthly things, and  
be the means of conveying us sooner to the  
Harbour of everlasting Rest!

I beg leave to finish this *Humble Attempt*  
by inserting part of Mr. Thomson's celebra-  
ted HYMN; a composition which breathes  
the spirit of devout Adoration—which is  
fraught with the noblest strains of Praise,  
and enriched with the purest sentiments of  
Gratitude to the indulgent FATHER, and  
righteous GOVERNOR of the *Univerſe*.

I hope those, who have never read this  
*Hymn*, will deem the quotation of it a de-  
lightful Entertainment; and doubt not but  
those, who may have been pleased with a  
former perusal of it, will excuse its intro-  
duction here, and may all such enjoy a re-  
newed satisfaction in reading it again. I  
have only to add, that I account this citati-

on

on the only embellishment of my trivial performance, and that if in any part it faintly shines, it is by the reflection of this borrowed Light.

## H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER,  
 these,  
 Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year  
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes THY glory in the summer-months,  
 With light and heat resplendent. Then THY sun  
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:  
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales.  
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd;  
 And spreads a common feast for all that live.  
 In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms  
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 " Majestic

“ Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind’s wing,  
“ Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,  
“ And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.—

“ BUT wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
“ Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,  
“ That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
“ Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence  
“ The fair profusion that o’erspreads the Spring :  
“ Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
“ Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;  
“ And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
“ With transport touches all the springs of life.

“ NATURE, attend ! join every living soul,  
“ Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
“ In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
“ One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales,  
“ Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes :  
“ Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms !  
“ Where, o’er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
“ Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
“ And ye, whose louder note is heard afar,  
“ Who shake th’ astonish’d world, lift high to heaven  
“ Th’ impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
“ His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
“ And let me catch it as I muse along.  
“ Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;

“ Ye

" Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 " Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
 " A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 " Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice  
 " Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
 " Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 " In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,  
 " Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 " Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;  
 " Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 " As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
 " Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aleep  
 " Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 " Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
 " Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
 " Great source of day! best image here below  
 " Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
 " From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 " On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
 " The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;  
 " While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.—  
 " For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 " Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray  
 " Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;  
 " Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
 " Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 " And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

SHOULD

“ SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge  
“ Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
“ Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
“ Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam  
“ Flames on the *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me:  
“ Since *GOD* is ever present, ever felt,  
“ In the void waste as in the city full;  
“ And where *He* vital breathes there must be joy.  
“ When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
“ And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
“ I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
“ Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
“ Where *UNIVERSAL LOVE* not smiles around,  
“ Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;  
“ From seeming *Evil* still educating *Good*,  
“ And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,  
“ In infinite progression. But I lose  
“ Myself in *HIM*, in *LIGHT INEFFABLE*;  
“ Come then, expressive silence, muse *HIS* praise.

F I N I S.



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